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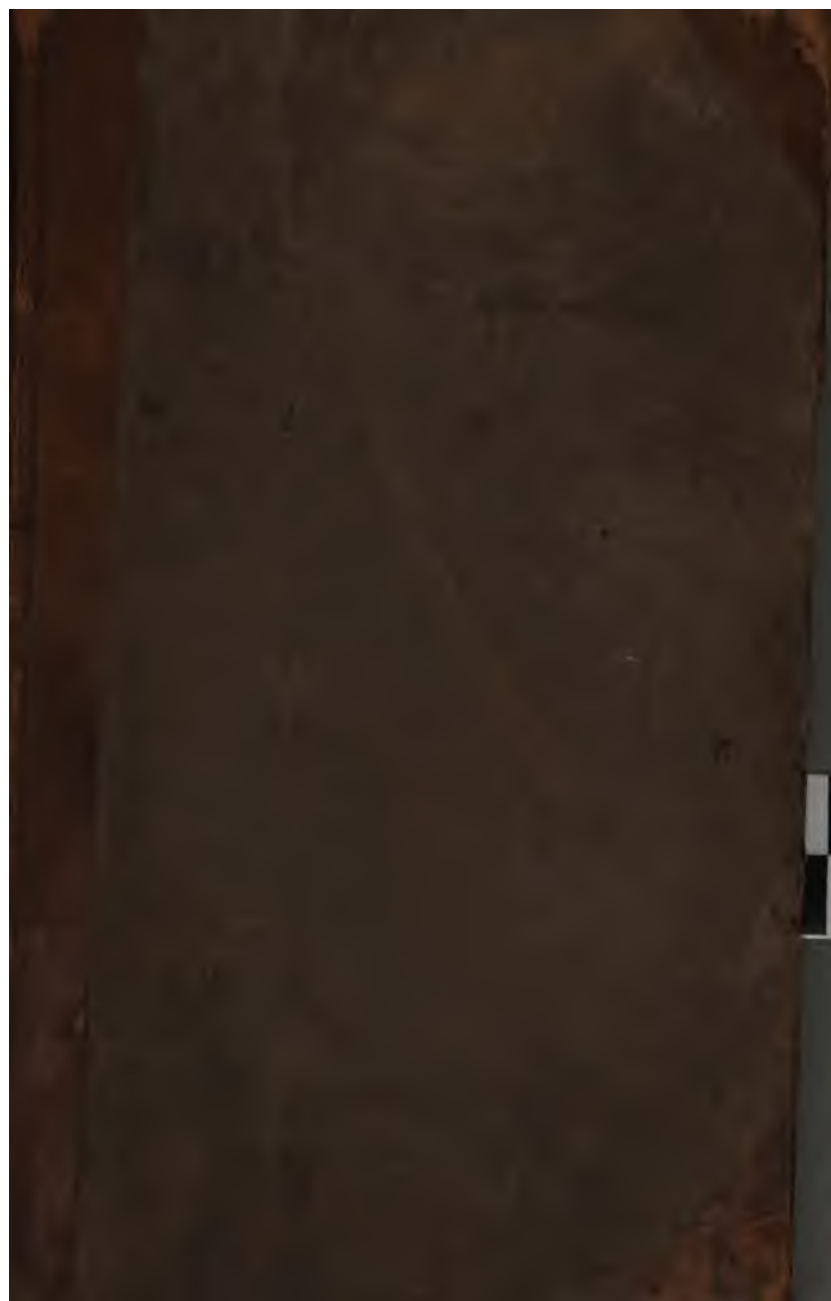
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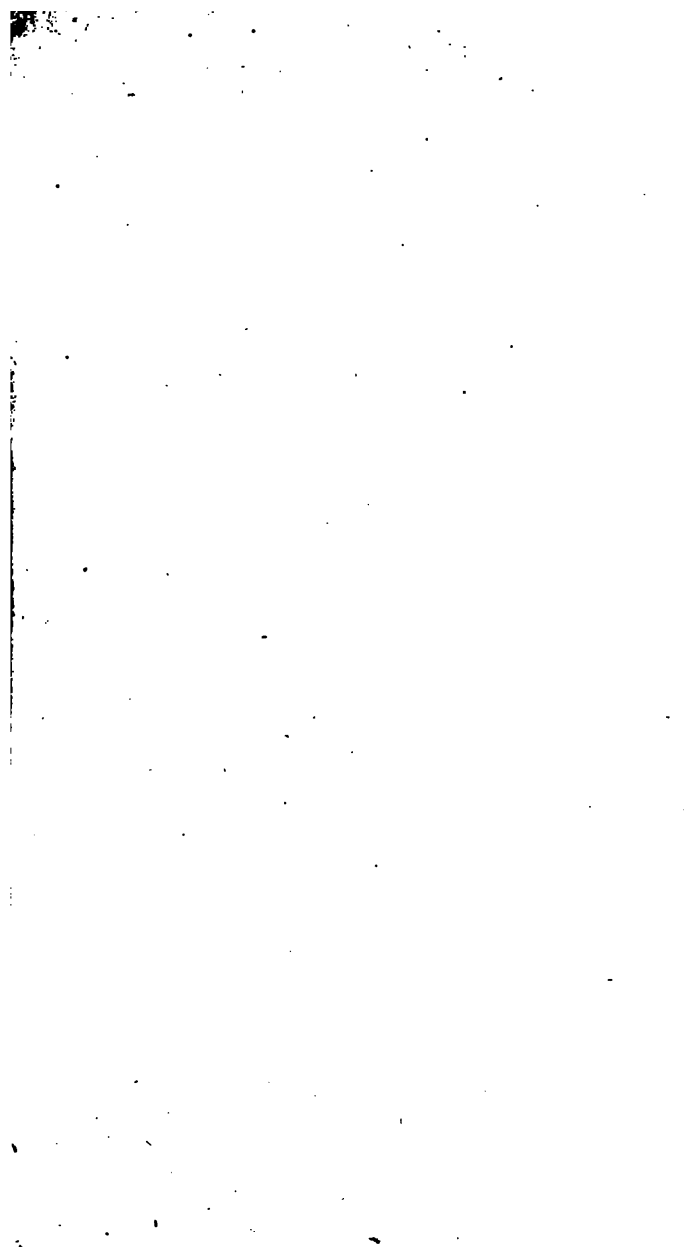
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THE
ITALIAN MARAUDERS.

VOLUME II.

1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that a knowledge of the past is essential for a full understanding of the present and for the development of a sense of national identity. The author points out that the study of history is not merely a collection of facts, but a process of interpretation and analysis. It is through this process that we can understand the causes and consequences of the events that have shaped the nation.

2. The second part of the paper examines the role of the federal government in the development of the United States. It is argued that the federal government has played a central role in the nation's history, from the early years of the Republic to the present. The author discusses the various powers and responsibilities of the federal government, and how they have evolved over time. It is also noted that the federal government has been a source of both strength and weakness for the nation.

3. The third part of the paper discusses the role of the states in the development of the United States. It is argued that the states have played a significant role in the nation's history, particularly in the early years. The author discusses the various powers and responsibilities of the states, and how they have evolved over time. It is also noted that the states have been a source of both strength and weakness for the nation.

4. The fourth part of the paper discusses the role of the people in the development of the United States. It is argued that the people have played a central role in the nation's history, from the early years of the Republic to the present. The author discusses the various ways in which the people have influenced the nation's development, and how they have shaped the nation's identity. It is also noted that the people have been a source of both strength and weakness for the nation.

5. The fifth part of the paper discusses the role of the future in the development of the United States. It is argued that the future is a source of both hope and challenge for the nation. The author discusses the various ways in which the future can be shaped, and how the nation can move forward. It is also noted that the future is a source of both strength and weakness for the nation.

THE
ITALIAN MARAUDERS

A Romance,

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY ANNA MATILDA.

VOL. II.

What is man!

When the worst heart can wear the brow of virtue,
And false appearance smile us to destruction?
And yet, what is he not, when crown'd with truth
And every social virtue?

HAYARD.

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THE
ITALIAN MAURAUDERS.

&c. &c. &c.

CHAPTER VII.

IN the shortest time in which it was possible to accomplish a journey of such an extent. Valerio and his companion alighted at the principal hotel in Venice. They immediately proceeded to the Palazzo di Montgolfi.

"Why," said Valerio to his servant, do I feel melancholy ideas prey upon my imagination? I feel as though I were about to encounter some irresistible shock."

"The idea is very natural," replied Conrade, "when I was in love the same sensations assailed me. It is contagious, I believe, for my old master and I were together laid up with it. Happily we are vulnerable but once; and an attack of it places us above its further assaults for the remainder of our lives."

The levity of Conrade ill accorded with the feeling of Valerio, and he therefore mildly desired him to cease.

Conrade, though unused to rebuke, saw the impropriety of his conduct; and grief for the situation of his old master, succeeded mirth at the feelings of his present one. The reflections of Valerio cast a sombre shade over his features, and in a dress disordered and negligent, he demanded admittance at the Chateau di Montgolfi. The reverberating hollow sound which attended his first appeal to the massy knocker on the gate, spoke volumes to his heart, and almost deprived him of the power of repeating his application. Conrade's arm supported his master, while he, with redoubled energy, bespoke his impatience.

ITALIAN MAURAUDERS.

“In the name of Heaven,” exclaimed Valerio, “what can have occurred? What deep desolation this silence bespeaks? Nature must have implanted these forebodings in the human breast, to render the sudden accumulations of woe the more supportable?”

A third application at length brought some one to the gates, and they were reluctantly thrown open, and an aged female domestic appeared. The alteration which two years had made in the features of Valerio, at first startled the old lady, with respect to his identity, but with Conrade she was better acquainted. As soon as she recognised him, she burst into tears. Valerio

seated himself in a chair, scarcely able to support the thousand painful ideas which at once rushed upon his mind.

“How is the Marquis?” he at length articulated, in tremulous accents—

“Speak—how is your lady—how is the lady Angela?” The sorrow of the good woman increased.—“Inform me,”—continued he—“where is the lady Angela?”

“Alas!” replied the old woman, “is it possible the incidents of the last month are unknown to you?”

“Completely so,” replied Valerio; “but the Marquis—” The old lady still continued weeping. Valerio saw the certainty of his fate in the habit

which she wore.—“And Angela—the lady Angela—where is she?”

“That Monk.”

“Monk!” repeated Valerio, “what Monk?”

“’Twas that Monk,” replied his informant, “who persuaded the Marquis to send his daughter to that cursed——”

“Where?” interrupted Valerio, too impatient to allow the old lady to conclude her speech.

“Are you likewise ignorant of that?” replied she,

“Totally ignorant of every thing;” replied Valerio—“do not trifle with my impatience, therefore!”

“Impatience—Heaven forbid ! impatience bespeaks many ills to a mind that cannot wait for misfortune, but frantically rushes to meet it. I remember a story which too fatally demonstrates what I say. I had an aunt—”

“This is insupportable :” exclaimed Valerio.

“It was insupportable, indeed, Signor,” replied she ; “for my unhappy aunt drowned herself ere the information arrived, that which she most dreaded had not taken place.”

Valerio paced the hall ! the contending passions of love, anxiety, regret, and vexation, drove the blood to his face. He summoned at length suffi-

cient equanimity to speak: "How long is it," said he, "since the lady Angela left you?"

"Long enough, Signor, to be by this time a novice in the convent of—of—the name has escaped my memory."

"And the senses your head, I think," replied Conrade, almost as weary as his master at the tiresome details into which his aged fellow-servant entered, "you are so tedious."

"Tedious!" repeated she, "I have endeavoured to render my information as brief as possible; but your impatience will be the death of you, as it was of my poor aunt. Do you know, Signor, she was buried in the convent

ITALIAN MAURAUDE RS.

of—— bless me, I have forgot: the same, report says, with that to which the young Signora has retired."

"Can you not name it?" inquired Valerio, though in despair at receiving an answer sufficiently to the purpose to dispel any of his uneasiness.

"O, I have it in my pocket-book," replied she, taking out her spectacles as she spoke, and drawing her record of deeds, long past, out of her pocket; "this first page reminds me, whenever I look at it, that I am, my next birthday, eight-two years old; the incidents which have marked such a number of years, are various, indeed. I should not be able to recollect a fifth part of

them, but for the memorandums which I keep. I am enabled to retrace incidents which the most voluminous history of Venice will not notice."

This page is dedicated to ———. Here, Signor, is the leaf on which is written the name of the convent to which the Signor Manfredino caused Lady Angela to be conducted.

"The Signor Manfredino, my too prophetic soul!"

The old lady was exceedingly alarmed at the agitation which marked the countenance of Valerio. "Yes, Signor, 'twas Manfredino and his friend, the Monk, who were the cause of the Signora's sudden departure; greatly it

was whispered, against her inclination. Her looks, on the morning she left the palazzo, were enough to have pierced the heart of any other man than this Manfredino."

Valerio had heard enough: "I will instantly pursue them," said he to Conrade: "how long is it since their departure?"

"'Tis a fortnight," was the reply, "but the holy man, who accompanied her, is not yet returned."

"Not returned," repeated Valerio, as he paced the hall in an indescribable state of mental agony; "I must instantly away; I will pursue this hoary betrayer of my beloved. I'll reach the

convent's dreary walls ere the last lingering sun-beams leave the attractive spires which adorn its summit, and recover her, or ———." His agitation became insupportable, and he sunk into a chair. He was instantly, by direction of the old lady, conveyed to a chamber, and the first physician in Venice was summoned to his assistance. A high fever was the consequence of his extreme agitation, and the man of physic felt very reluctant; he said, in pronouncing his real opinion respecting him. Constant attendance, and the most assiduous and active kindness from the companion of his toils and pleasures, Conrade, however, in

the space of a month had so far re-established him, that his recovery was no longer doubtful. The first words he uttered on recovering his reason, were those of revenge: "let me instantly away," said he. It was with difficulty he could be kept to his couch: the physician would not hear of his quitting his bed; a week elapsed, his impatience grew extreme, and considerably retarded his recovery. At length, however, the physician, at his repeated intreaties, assented to his quitting his room; and he soon after left the Chateau. Travelling was rendered less fatiguing by the precautions which were taken by the faithful Conrade.

They travelled in silence a considerable part of the road. Conrades concern at the melancholy situation of his master, prevented the ebullitions of humour, which formerly delighted those to whom they were addressed, he was now completely silent. The beauties of nature had no charm for either of them, and they arrived at the last inn at which they were to change horses, without having uttered a syllable.

Valerio knew the situation of the convent. He had frequently heard the Marquis speak of it as a fit asylum for his child, if she should become an orphan. With the Lady Abbess, too,

he had a slight acquaintance, which would at least insure him an introduction to his Angela, if she had entered the holy retreat.

Arrived at the end of his journey, it being past the time of admission to the monastery, he retired to a chamber at the house, in which himself and Conrade had agreed to pass the night. Sleep, more refreshing than he had for many nights experienced it, visited his weary eyelids. The balmy soother, however, deserted him, as the beams of the rising-sun entered his chamber, and he left his couch to inhale the balmy breath of morn. The air, impregnated with the odour of a thousand flowers,

seemed to revive his drooping faculties, and he continued his walk till the height of the sun in the horizon, reminded him of the lateness of the hour. He immediately returned, and found Conrade filled with apprehensions at his long absence.

"What," said the latter to his master, as he entered, "we have not visited the convent yet, therefore you are not certain that you breathe the same air."

Valerio smiled at the ridicule which this observation contained: "I have not been wandering," retorted Valerio, "in the forest, in which you first beheld Margaretta."

Conrade's features were instantly

overshadowed with a shade of disconcerted melancholy. "I cannot hope," continued he to Valerio, "that I shall ever again behold *her*. I would abandon the first title in Venice with the goods that are attached to it, to have her again by my side."

Valerio was convinced that the words of his attendant were those of unsophisticated and real affection towards the lost partner of his joys and his fears. He recollected with horror that the same cause which had effected the disappearance of Margaretta, might be productive of the same effect with regard to himself; and he trembled at the probability of such a circumstance

presented itself. "If I have any interest in Venice," said Valerio, "I will procure soldiers enough to drive the robbers before us into it: you may then, perhaps, recover Margareta."

Conrade expressed his doubts as to the probability, and they returned to the chamber.

Immediately after breakfast Valerio sallied forth on his way to the monastery, attended by Conrade. Arrived there, they announced themselves by means of an enormous bell, suspended within the inner gate. A portress immediately appeared.

"Inform the Lady Abbess," said

Valerio, "that visitors wish to see her."

"By what name shall I announce you, Signor," said the portress.

"Count de Valmont," replied Valerio.

The woman disappeared, and soon after a door, which was on one side of the grate, opened; and Valerio and his companion were desired to enter a small parlour to the right. "The Lady Abbess," she said, "was performing the last rights over a departed sister."

An hour elapsed ere the ceremony was concluded. The venerable Abbess at length appeared, followed by

the whole of the sisterhood ; but Angela was not amongst them.

“ How art thou my son,” exclaimed the venerable mother, “ how is it that you have stolen a day from the world to look into our seclusion.”

Valerio would have replied, but that a sensation of the most disagreeable nature rose in his mind, as he attempted to utter an expression of thanks for his kind reception. The Abbess appeared alarmed at the various turns with which his internal emotions marked his countenance.

“ What affects you,” continued the good lady ; “ if misfortunes press you, you do well to fly hither ; we are used

to scenes of woe: one child of misery has closed her hapless career, like the rose which, parted by the rushing blast from its parent stem, is borne by it to the shade, then drops its leaves and died."

A tear started to the already swollen eyes of the sisterhood. Valerio was scarcely less affected. "Pray," said he, "was the lady whom you lament long a resident among you."

"She had not been among us a month, scarcely," returned the Abbess, "and besides was very young, though apparently gone an age in misery."

Valerio sighed: "If this unfortunate should be my ———."

“Whom,” interrupted the Abbess; “you cannot surely have any other reason to lament this unfortunate than that commiseration which binds the children of the earth to each other. You could not have any knowledge of our unfortunate sister.”

“Sister Angela was, indeed, unfortunate,” replied one of the sisterhood, “her death should afford a lesson to those who hope for happiness in the world. She is now, however, for ever shielded from its vicissitudes.”

“Sister Angela,” repeated Valerio.

Conrade flew to the assistance of his master. This expression, though not violent, had sunk deep into the heart.

of the faithful attendant. He had anticipated the effect which the words of the sister would have on the mind of his master; he was right, Valerio lay devoid of sensation. The sisters were desired to retire: the Abbess and Conrade exerted themselves a considerable time in vain: a convulsive sensation in his throat, however, at length bespoke their efforts crowned with the desired success; and on his recovery, he once more entreated them to relate the particulars of the death of that sister Angela, whom she thus lamented.

The sisterhood were again summoned; and the Abbess desired the Nun, who had been the innocent cause

of the very disagreeable effect, to relate the circumstances, she continued:—

Sister Angela had been scarcely a month in the convent, when, at her earnest request, we dispensed with the customary form, and she took the veil ere a fortnight had elapsed. The cause of her sudden resolution she would never disclose, not even to me, who was her most intimate companion. A week had, however, scarcely passed from the time she had thus solemnly given herself to us for ever, when one evening on entering her apartment, she was not as usual there. In vain we endeavoured to discover her: it was in vain we searched every part of the

convent. The gardener, who was the only male domestic we retained, was dispatched, if possible, to discover traces of her flight. It was near midnight ere the grey-haired old man returned. His search, however, had not been in vain: in the middle of a clump of trees he had discovered the mangled body of the person he sought. Placing her on his shoulder, he had returned to the convent.

“Alas!” said I, “as we together bent over the palewise, how transient are the longest scenes in which man delight to play; we have scarcely arranged our ideas ere a pillow of earth receive us, and for ever obliterate every

trace of our existence, and our sorrows as well as ourselves are consigned to eternal oblivion.

The tear streamed down the face of the narrator, as she concluded the relation. Valerio would have kissed them, if they flowed for his Angela; and they flowed in union with his feelings, he should have felt relieved could he have wept himself, but tears were round him, and his bursting heart could scarcely contain itself, tremblingly he arose to depart: farther particulars he could not require. He wished to have seen the spot, hallowed by the precious dust which it contained, but the request was denied him till he

should have summoned sufficient fortitude to behold it, unmoved, by those paroxysms of grief which suspended his faculties at the bare mention of her name. He assured them the sight of her last resting-place would considerably relieve his tortured brain, till at length, silenced by his importunities, they consented to lead the way.

The door of the cemetery was unbarred by the holy Father Confessor, and they, in silence, entered the abode of the dead: the chill air, and the awe which such a scene excited in the bosom of Valerio, contributed to relieve his almost dormant ideas, and on his entrance into the holy sepulchre, he felt

relieved from a burden of woe. The lady Abbess, pointing at a stone which had been just placed in a remote corner of the vault, said, "beneath that stone lie the remains of one who, during her life, met with little else than misfortune."

Valerio approached the spot and read:—

To the
Memory of
ANGELA DE ALTHENSTEIN.

A flush of hope succeeded the paleness of despair, as he repeated the inscription.

"What," exclaimed he, in tremulous

accents, on the approach of the Abbess, "is this the real name of the unfortunate lady, whose loss you so feelingly deplore?—speak."

The Abbess, alarmed at his violence, desired him to explain.

"It is not then Angela di Montgolb who sleeps here?" he continued with eagerness.

"The Abbess began to comprehend the scene; with the name she was somewhat acquainted, as she knew it was that by which the intimate friend of her deceased relation, the Count de Valmont, was distinguished. She felt interested in the fate of the lovely Angela.

“Do you come in search of Angela di Montgolfi?” she at length articulated—“Is not the child safe?”

Valerio felt gratified at the eagerness with which the good mother appeared to inquire after the idol of his soul.—“She was torn,” said Valerio, in reply, “from her natal roof, under the idea of bringing her hither; I am in pursuit of her.”

“By whom,” anxiously retorted the inquirer.

“By the Confessor from St. Mark’s, at the instigation of Manfredino.”

The Abbess desired the absence of the sisterhood; she was anxious respecting the mysterious occurrences which

from the disjointed information of her young friend, she was convinced must have marked the last few years of her retirement from the world.

Valerio, at the request of the pious lady, readily recounted the principal incidents which had succeeded the death of the Marquis di Montgolfi, as far as he could comprehend them since his return to Venice. His impatience, however, at the dull prolix dissertation which succeeded the conclusion of his narrative, from the lips of the Abbess, grew extreme. As soon as politeness permitted, he motioned to depart. The good Mother opposed the resolution, but without effect. Followed by Con-

rade, he left the manastery, and returning to the inn, mounted their horses, and were quickly on the road to Venice.

"I find," said Conrade, as he rode by the side of his master, "that my penetration is deficient in every attempt which I make to gain an insight into the recent circumstances. These are of the most mysterious description."

"They are, indeed, my good friend," replied Valerio, "the inhabitants of the forest, to whom we are so much indebted, already are, I think, concerned in this mysterious affair. I will procure soldiers on my return to Venice, with whom I will drive these banditti

from their holes, and purge the world of monsters who prey upon its vitals."

"The attempt has been made before," replied Conrade, "but without success."

"What may have been called an attempt, perhaps," replied Valerio, "but the eagle-eyes of love were never before employed in the discovery. The executive system in Venice is too feeble to oppose so large a body, though all its force were collected; and the persons to whom the power of punishing is delegated, have an interest in conniving at the existence of an enormity which they sometimes find of service to them."

"The same reasons which deter them from exterminating the robbers themselves," returned Conrade, "will prevent them granting you sufficient force to accomplish the plan; nevertheless we can propose it to them."

"Certainly," rejoined Valerio; "and if we succeed,——"

"Heaven preserve them——in our hands, I mean," interrupted Conrade; "for I think they will not escape us."

Valerio had, with difficulty, kept up this conversation; his spirits were not equal to the further continuation of it; it dropped, and Conrade became equally taciturn with his master. Before the mental vision of the latter fitted

the form of his beloved Angela, despair pointed her out to him, as grasping the arm of the merciless banditti, to award from her bosom a dagger, which the robber was about to plunge into it. He urged his horse forward, as though he could have averted the fatal blow. He was not aroused from this painful train of reflection, till his horse, stopping mechanically at the door of the Chateau di Montgolfi, aroused him. At the earnest entreaties of Conrade, however, he consented to alter his plan of taking up his residence at the Chateau; and therefore, after leaving his address at the house, he bent his steps towards the principal hotel, Conrade

thinking such a residence would afford more variety to the mind of his master than an abode in the deserted seat of the Montgolfis; and accordingly he persuaded Valerio to take up his abode there.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE necessary preparations which Angela was making against her departure, were soon completed; and she threw herself on her couch for a short time, to court the blessings of repose, if the agitated state of her mind would permit her sleeping. She had, however, closed her eyes but a short time, when Margaretta entering the apartment, awakened her.

"My dear Signora," said the good woman, undrawing the curtains which surrounded the bed, "you leave us immediately."

Angela was almost petrified, but recovering herself, she started from her bed in a wild amaze; this temporary ebullition soon left her, and she sunk motionless on a chair. With the assistance of her attendant, however, she was soon recovered. She had been warned of the necessity of her departure, but that it should take place immediately, she was not prepared to expect. The information that it would do so, therefore, struck a pang to her heart, and

she could scarcely withstand the shock which the intelligence gave her.

Margaretta was surprised at the effect which her words had had on her young friend. She had believed her prepared for the event, and she trembled at the effect which the reality of the scene would have upon a mind so alive to the bare mention of it. "Compose yourself," she at length said, "and remember, the more you appear affected, the greater will be the triumph of your enemies ; by this display of weakness you only expose to your assailant that side on which you are most vulnerable, to attack."

At this suggestion, of which Angela

was herself convinced of the truth, she started up, and pacing the room with all the firmness she was able, appeared to gather strength from the effort.—“Pray, tell me,” she was at length enabled to articulate, “if you can, the moment of my departure.”

“Pietro said, an hour at farthest,” replied Margaretta.

“An hour?” repeated Angela.

“An hour:” replied Margaretta—“I stole to your apartment for the purpose of informing you of the short time which was allowed you.”

Angela, who appeared to gain fortitude, every moment expressed her thanks for the solicitude which her

humble friend displayed ; but willing, if possible, to be for a short time left to herself, she begged Margaretta would leave her, which the good creature accordingly did. Her courage seemed to recede as the distance between Margaretta and herself increased ; and when her footsteps were no longer heard, she sunk on her chair in an agony of tears.

At the expiration of the period spoken of by Margaretta, Angela imagined she heard footsteps on the stairs. Urged by the considerations which Margaretta had before suggested, she arose, and assuming an appearance of fortitude, awaited the approach of the intruder. The appearance of Pietro,

however, nearly disarmed her resolution.

"You must instantly follow us," said he, addressing Angela, as he entered the apartment.

Angela hesitated.

"Any effort at delaying your departure, will be fruitless," continued he, attempting to seize her arm as he spoke. She avoided him, however, at the same time desiring him to precede her from the room; he complied, and she silently, and with the appearance at least of fortitude, followed him.

In the hall they were joined by Michiello and his companion; and our heroine, having taken leave of her

friend Margaretta, with the previous knowledge of whom, however, the robbers were unacquainted; she was forced into a carriage which waited, and was driven with the greatest speed from the portal.

The night was dark as the deed which was passing under its shadowy veil.— The lightning illumined the wild scene, and the eyes had scarcely rested on the dreary prospect which the forked glare exhibited, ere all the senses were absorbed in the sensation of terror at the hollow reverberating sound of the thunder which succeeded. The rain at length, began to fall: it seemed to reanimate the face of nature, and as the

large drops pattered on the leaves of the trees, beneath the spreading branches of which the carriage was passing, they appeared to regain their wonted vigour. Angela, however, was only alive to the horrors of the scene; those only were congenial to her mind; the brighter shades passed unheeded; the tempest which still raged in her mind, engrossed every faculty—and the terror which, at other times she could not avoid feeling, were now completely lost. Her scattered ideas were, however, recalled by the voice of Pietro, desiring Paulo to be silent.

“But,” said Paulo, turning to Pietro,

"you must account for your absence to our captain."

"But not to you," interrupted Pietro, "a satisfactory account will no doubt be demanded, and such I am prepared to give."

"Forgive me," replied Paulo, "if I doubt that."

"You may doubt what you please," replied Pietro, "it is our captain's doubts only which can affect me. If you had been as actively engaged in the cause of us all as I have been, you would not be thus prating to me."

"Prating to you, I am afraid that if no one had been more actively engaged for the general good than you have,

we should all have been by this time amusing the populace in Venice, on a stage erected for the purpose."

"Do you doubt me then," replied Pietro, his face reddening as he spoke, "I say but for me we had been there three years since."

Angela internally prayed that the intervention had never existed. Michiolo who had slept during nearly the whole of the dispute, now awoke; "Silence," said he, "you had better descend and decide the matter, and not disturb us, who are peaceably inclined, with your words. I believe you would either of you sooner be the last in a battle; and first in a retreat. Your

absence, however," turning to Pietro, "of eight months, must be accounted for, when we reach the place of our destination."

"That it certainly must be," returned Pietro, "and that it certainly will be, but it is not for this night-flying, dagger-face renegado to demand an account of my actions."

Paulo drew his dagger; Pietro likewise unsheathed his stiletto.

Michielo drew his sword, "put up your weapons," said he, in a voice that would have struck terror to the hearts of any human being, "or remember the vault that so invitingly receives its inmates-when the nod of our captains command it."

Pietro tremblingly deposited his weapon in the folds of his garment; Paulo, however, more resolute, held his in his hand. "Must I repeat my words," said Michielo, still more sternly, "I will be obeyed or you enter the castle bound, as tight as was your poor comrade Gonsalvo, the Spaniard, whom the merciless Doge had executed this day twelvemonth, for stopping the wretched wandering friar."

Paulo appeared appeased, "He should not have had any connection with the church," replied he, "those friars are the harbingers of mischief; they appear only at the birth and the decease of most men; and I would

sooner meet a wolf than a priest. They both thunder death at you; the bare-headed knaves."

Michelo and Pietro laughed, Angela could not but assent to the truth of the ideas thus coarsely conveyed, though she deprecated the method of expressing them. She considered it a subject too sacred to be discussed by such wretches as those before her, who thus attempted to set bounds to religion, and ascribe the lengths to which pious enthusiasm should be carried. Paulo continued——

"That priest, whose career Gonsalvo so prematurely stopped, was walking bare-foot to the shrine of a kindred

saint, who had been some hundred years before placed in a monastery, near Venice, for idiots to bow before. Gonzalvo, however, rendered the pious work unnecessary; he met him a short distance from the end of his journey, and because the loaded knave would not contribute his portion towards the subsistence of that part of his fellow beings, assembled in a certain fortress, he sent him to associate with his brethren in the cemetery of the convent to which he belonged. The intolerance of the hoary wretch was so great, he could not expect other treatment at the hands of a Spanish knight."

"True," replied Pietro, who seemed

to have forgotten the recent dispute between himself and Paulo, "if half the monks in Venice were sent after him, there would be less mischief, and a considerable decrease in the consumption of luxuries."

"But," returned Paulo, "if the expedient you speak of had been resorted to while you was a monk, do you not think that your sentiments on the subject would have been considerably changed?"

"Perhaps so," replied Pietro.

The conversation ceased, and Michielo again slept.

The silence was, at length, interrupt-

ed by Angela, "Are we," she inquired, "near the end of our journey?"

Pietro to whom this question was addressed, put his hand upon his lips. Angela comprehended the hint, and as she saw questions were vain, forbore further conversation. The carriage rolled on at a furious rate. The increasing coldness of the air, bespoke them near the sea shore. The idea almost chilled the warm stream which flowed round her heart. To be taken from her home, and now from her country, was a source of inexpressible dismay, and gladly would she have exchanged situations with a peasant, could she have shared the enviable

tranquillity and happiness with their labour. Her supposition respecting the direction which the carriage was taking was now confirmed. She heard the waves of the sea lash the distant shore.

"We must be near the beach," said Paulo, "the vessel is in its usual place, I suppose."

"Yes," replied Michielo, rising from the side of the coach against which he leaned, "we must reach the rocky descent ere the sun rises, though he announces his approach in the east already, I perceive."

"Would," replied Pietro, emphatically, "he had never again risen on our deeds."

“What, ever harping on our deeds,” said Michielo, “you have learnt to be in part a monk by nature as well as name, and would reprove our sins in the name of your holy order. I would advise you to cease your admonitions, or I, father Michielo, a senior of the brotherhood, will be under the disagreeable necessity of excommunicating you.”

Paulo laughed at the sarcastic manner in which these words were pronounced, and Pietro could scarcely retain his risible faculties, though the reproof was too severely levelled for him to turn it into ridicule.

The carriage now entered the road

which lay between two jutting rocks, the bold points of which was covered with moss, and crowned with tufted heath, as the carriage passed beneath them, threatened to overwhelm it. They, however, passed impending danger in safety, and emerging from the rugged path, the carriage rolled along the slimy gravel which skirted the shore. The sun had by this time risen to a sufficient height for Angela to discover the surrounding objects. They were, she saw, going on at a furious rate along the shores of the Mediterranean, skirted by gravel and weeds, and terminated by a high and bold

shore, whose overhanging summits seemed supported only by air.

They had proceeded about two miles when she clearly discerned in the distance, the white sails of a vessel unfurled to the wind, her heart beat high at the sight she now saw, perhaps for the last time, the shores of her native land. They had, however, by this time, reached the small bay where the vessel lay moored.

Michielo, Paulo, and Pietro alighted, and wading into the water to their middle, reached the side of the ship. They were soon taken on board, and half an hour elapsed ere they discovered any intentions of returning. At length

they, with the assistance of another person, whom Angela supposed they had left to take care of the vessel, were seen hoisting out a boat over its side, and leaving the ship, soon reached the shore.

The stranger was wrapped in a large coat, and a mask covered his face, which totally concealed his features from the prying eyes of Angela, who fancied his general appearance was familiar to her. Her train of ideas upon this subject were, however, interrupted by Michielo, who approaching the carriage alone, desired her to alight, and taking her arm in his, led her towards the boat.

On her reaching it the stranger started from his seat, and turning his eyes from her, appeared greatly agitated. Michiello, upon a motion from the stranger, seized her, and placing her across his shoulder, carried her to the boat, and returning to the vehicle from which he had taken Angela, discharged it, for she saw it immediately drive off. Michiello once more took his place in the boat, and they rowed towards the ship. The prospect at any other time would have enraptured the susceptible mind of Angela; a rising sun cast his lengthened rays across an expanse of water, bordered only by rocks. Here and there a white sail appeared like a moving speck in the vast track.

When they reached the ship the anchor was immediately weighed, and the sails bent to the breeze which bore Angela from Valerio and her country. An exile!—a prisoner!—what a destiny was her's; completely in the power of her most secret and implacable enemy. Angela felt the force of her melancholy situation, and the certainty of the idea scarcely left her sufficient strength to walk the deck. She was roused, at length, from the melancholy train of reflections into which she had fallen, by the voice of Michielo desiring her attendance in the cabin.

Little conversation passed during her breakfast. Michielo appeared to

be the only one of the robbers who dared venture a word with the unknown, and he was as quickly desired peace. Angela, at the conclusion of the meal, again left the cabin, and ascended to the deck, to indulge more unobservedly her sad ruminations. "Soon," cried she, mentally, gazing on the vast expanse of water which surrounded her, "soon, alas! will this large space separate me from the world, perhaps for ever. A bar between me and happiness, which my utmost fortitude can never surmount. Oh! what a deserted being am I. Ere I could appreciate existence, I am as it were torn from it for ever. Soon will the

shores which contain every being dear to me, disappear. All will disappear, save my poison and my grave; in the one I cannot but think I shall see the other—be they soon united! Soon, on the cold lap of earth shall I lay my aching head, to rise from it no more.” As she concluded this dark view of the situation in which she considered invisible direction to have plunged her, she, overcome by the contending emotions of her mind, leant against the side of the vessel for support.

Michielo, at this moment coming on deck, roused her, by directing her attention towards some thing which appeared to be rising to an enormous height

before them. Casting her eyes towards the place to which her regards were directed, she perceived directly before her a rock, whose summit was crowned by the castle, in the dreary chambers, perhaps dungeons, of which she was henceforth to reside.

“ Enclosed in those ample walls,” said Michielo, pointing towards the castle, “ are the body of our troop.”

The blood which had crept but slowly through her veins, turned cold at this confirmation of her fears, and she leaned on a part of the rigging for support. Michielo ran to her assistance, Signora, said he, in an accent of compassion, dictated by the apparent misery

which marked her lovely features, "Is it not possible for you to descend to the cabin, the Signor will administer every aid which the vessel affords."

Angela motioned a negative, and attempted to speak, but in vain; the power of words was denied her, and she sunk upon the deck.

This man, who appeared to be such a strange compound of tyranny and compassion, of villany and humanity, instantly took the necessary means for restoring her, and in less than five minutes he completely succeeded.

They had, by this time, however, reached the bold shores of the wave-encircled spot, which was to be the fu-

ture abode of our hapless Angela. She raised her tearful eyes to Heaven, as she lowered down into the boat, followed by the banditti, and they reached the shore, which was scarcely fifty yards distance, in safety. They proceeded along the low beach, covered with shells and weeds, till turning sharply a corner in the rock, they arrived at a small gate, which was strongly barricaded with iron. Michielodrew a horn from a small crevice in the solid rock, and sounded a blast which made the hollow caverns of the beach re-echo back the sound. A second and a third were unattended to. A fourth, however, brought the attendant robber to the gate, which

creaked on its rusty hinges as it slowly opened, and admitted the party into a long narrow cavern, apparently formed by nature, but improved by art. Its shiny sides were damp with the thick vapour, of which a volume evaporated on the opening of its massy inclosure.

Michielo, on entering it, desired Angela to take his arm, in a tone which seemed to preclude disobedience, and in a tone which seemed to scare every one but the object to whom it was addressed. She calmly complied, and he led her along the continued vault, lighted only by a glimmering lamp, which now and then brightened its ray, as the passing currents aided its flame.

Even with the help of this, however, it was scarcely possible to distinguish the passage; but the way was too well known to her guides for them to hesitate, and they reached at length the termination of this abode of darkness. A large iron door opened into the great hall of the castle, which she afterwards learned had served for a defence to the island, as well as a residence to its governor, though it was now converted to the worst of purposes.

The marble pavement of the hall, of amazing extent, was covered with battered remnants of armour, which appeared, by the coat of dust which the hand of time had thrown over them,

to have lain in their present position a great number of years. The roof of this prodigious apartment was supported by marble pillars, against which were suspended the crests and shields of the former governors of the pile. In regular niches which were in the walls, were piled suits of complete armour, beneath which were inscribed in letters of gold, on tablets of black marble, the deeds of the hero, to perpetuate the memory of whom, the figure above was placed. At the feet of the several knights lay their falchions and ample shields, which still bore marks of the lusty warfare in which they had been formerly engaged.

Those figures," said Michielo, as they passed the hall, represent our predecessors, the former possessors of this fabric, which has descended by rather an irregular time of succession to us, who now consider it necessary to wage war against all the world, in order that all the world may be at peace with us."

He appeared to direct his eyes towards Angela, as if expecting an answer. She, however, remained silent—Michielo continued:—

"That figure which stands in the last niche," directing Angela's eyes towards it, as he spoke, "represents my great uncle the Count del Piatanto.—

He was first in command during his life ; he little reflected that his nephew would be second in command at his death, with this difference only, that it is under another government."

Angela was struck with surprize.— She had never known the Platanto Family ; but she had often heard it spoken of, as being of the first consequence. Michielo watched the effect which his words might have on the expressive countenance of his gentle auditor ; he saw she seemed surprised, and he felt flattered that any thing he could have said should have had that effect upon her

At this moment the mask, accom-

panied by Pietro and Paulo, passed them. On perceiving them, Michielo immediately quickened his pace, and, as fast as the trembling Angela was able to proceed, followed them up a staircase which communicated with a long corridor, the large pannels of which appeared to have been once beautifully adorned with the choicest productions of genius, but which had, from time and neglect, fallen completely to decay. At the extremity of this they opened a small door, and passed into a chamber completely round.

“ This chamber, madam,” said Michielo, as he led her in to it, “ and the two immediately above are designed

solely for your use. To these, therefore, you must endeavour to make your wishes confine you. You will be supplied with necessary sustenance."

He now abruptly retired, followed by the remainder of the banditti, as likewise the mask, leaving Angela to those melancholy reflections which the peculiarity of her situation prompted.

CHAPTER IX.

THEIR retreating footsteps had died away, and Angela was for a moment left to herself. It was but for a short time, however. Soon after the sounds of their return struck on her ear, and Pietro entered, bearing some refreshment. Michielo followed him into the apartment.

“Retire,” said the latter to Pietro,
“and desire Guelpo to see that the cen-

tinels on the western turret be relieved."

Pietro immediately obeyed, and Michielo remained in the chamber.

"These doors," he continued, addressing Angela, and opening one as he spoke, "lead up these stairs to the chambers above, which have been prepared for you."

Angela perplexed at the seeming incongruity in the conduct of Michielo, did not reply to the inquiring glance which he cast towards her on the conclusion of this speech. She steadfastly regarded him in silence.

Michielo turned from her inquiring glance; he thought she saw into his

very soul. He knew there were *some* spots there, and he did not like that she should meet the eyes of purity, he would at that moment have given worlds if all traces of the foulness of it could have been obliterated. Wrought upon by his feelings, he exclaimed involuntarily, "Now, or never, but they shall not be added to."

Angela did not regard this exclamation, and Michielo, suddenly starting, addressed her. "The world cannot spare its greatest ornament, and *you* shall be restored to it."

On hearing some one calling him loudly without the chamber, he abruptly retired, apparently vexed at the un-

timely interruption, and a week elapsed ere she again beheld him. During this time, she was, however, very assiduously attended alternately by Pietro, Paulo, and another of the Banditti, with whose name she was unacquainted. Her hopes with regard to the friendly interposition of Michielo, became less sanguine, as every hour elapsed; but he at length once more appeared to renew them.

“ Signora,” said he as he entered her chamber one evening, “ you began, I suppose, to imagine I had deserted you;—I could as soon desert my own busy thoughts. He put his hand in a thoughtful manner to his forehead; but

recovering himself, he proceeded:—
“The remembrance of the scenes through which I have passed in the world, together with avarice and ambition, almost makes me, even at this moment, repeat the oath I once took to forswear it for ever.”

Angela spoke not. Notwithstanding appearances, she felt a reluctance to reposing in him that confidence which he seemed to expect, which she could not surmount. The character in which he first appeared to her, had created an impression on her mind, which she could not easily overcome. She had then heard him boast of his murderous deeds, and recount them with apparent satisfac-

tion. The first words she had heard him utter, were those of revenge and slaughter; and his momentary repentance she could not consider as a reformation, so fully complete, as to produce so great an alteration in her favour. Pietro, she was convinced, was a wretch, subtle and treacherous; he would betray her and the troop in the same breath. Of this Michielo was likewise aware; and to this knowledge, perhaps, might be attributed those strong expressions which had filled her mind with such apprehensions. Circumstances were altogether so inexplicable, that she determined to wait the solving hand of time to unravel the mys-

tery, and not to suffer the specious professions of a robber, whose least crime was that of murder. Her future conduct, however, she considered, could only be guided by circumstances. It was yet doubtful whether an alternative would be left her.

¶ Michielo, as though aware of the reflections which were passing in her bosom, stood silently contemplating the face, as it were, of his judge. A cast of reserve marked the face of Angela, and her suspicion became visible upon it. These, however, he hoped to remove. As the suggestion which her mind had made in favour of Michielo, came across her, her features relaxed in-

to a smile, and hope likewise relaxed the features of the bandit.

“ If,” said he, mentally, “ I can aid her flight, she shall return to Venice, and I to some peaceful obscurity.”

These plans in favour of his prisoner, however, he determined to conceal, lest his apparently too sudden return to virtue might make her doubt the existence of it in his bosom.—To it and to Italy, he was determined, if possible, to return ; and though this resolution was one of an hour, he resolved it should be as lasting as he had once supposed his renouncement of the world to have been. The sternness which marked the features of Michielo wore off, as

He contemplated the countenance of one whom he had assisted in conveying from friends, home, and country. When resignation marks the features of the injured, how cutting to the guilty are glances with which the sufferer reproaches him? These glances Angela, with timid and inquiring eye, bent on the guilty wretch before her. He knew himself guilty of crimes, the very mention of which would have made human nature shudder. He thought her looks conveyed a knowledge of them likewise, and he contemplated her countenance with an inquiring eye, and fixed glance. As hope whispered the bosom of his victim, her reserve of face disappeared,

and as though acted upon by the same sensation, the gloomy cast of feature which had before marked him, disappeared at the same moment.

“Do you know the fate of the Piantato family,” he said at length.

“I have not a personal knowledge of them,” replied Angela.

“I should have been Count del Piantato,” continued Michiolo, “but for that grand counterpoise to all our miseries—love! I could give my foe to the most lingering painful death ingenuity could devise, but I would not wish him those pangs which once I felt. My fond father in me saw all his hopes. My mother almost revered the

ground I hallowed with my steps. I was then without a single person near me who dare tell me I was wrong; haughty and reserved, alike towards my equals and my inferiors; above me I owned none. 'Twas then I first saw Adelaide, and I loved her with a fervour such as might have been expected from one possessing such uncontrollable passions. Under her forming hand I became another being. Her situation in life, however, was far beneath mine; attached to her as I was, I regarded this as a favourable incident, as it affected myself. My father thought otherwise. When informed by the malignant hand of intrusive malice, of the connexion

by which I was bound, at some future period, to lead her to the altar. He grew frantic, he commanded me for ever to abandon her. To this I only replied by leaving the house in search of my beloved. I informed her of the storm which was about to burst over our heads. To this she replied only by desiring I would leave her for ever. I returned to my father, suffer me," said I to him, "to introduce to you as a member of your family, the only female who will ever grace it. Without answering, he rushed from the apartment. I left the house by the break of morn. I sought my Adelaide, as was my custom, to hail the matin song of

the feathered choristers. I found her not. In the most frantic manner I returned to seek my father. His conduct betrayed him, acquainted with the flight of my beloved. At that moment I dared to accuse him of the foulest murder. He bade me leave his presence, I obeyed him, I left him for ever. I determined as I was again let loose upon the world, to prey upon it. I have fulfilled, most religiously, my lawless views. I knew where mortals are most vulnerable, and I have stabbed them to the quick. A tear stole down the rough furrowed face of the bandit, a passage was not marked for it, and he hastily brushed it away.

Angela, at the sight of this stealing token of sensibility, could scarcely repress a sigh. She saw the marble nature of a bandit worked upon by recollections, which, from his external appearance, she could scarcely have believed he had ever experienced, much less that he should now remember them, and with a sensation so poignant. Undecided how to act, however, she pleaded fatigue, and he rushed with precipitation from the apartment. She had not courage to wound his feelings by professing her doubts of his sincerity; but at the same time she trembled lest she should become the victim of his artifices. Involved in this perplexing

round of thought she took her lamp from her table and ascended to her chamber.

Fatigue would have lulled her to repose, but for the agitation of her mind. So anxiously, indeed, were her thoughts employed as to what might probably be her future destiny, that morning broke before she had composed herself sufficiently, to taste repose. Sleep, however, at length visited her, from which she awoke considerably refreshed. She now determined, for the first time, to inspect her apartments, to discover, if possible, the extent of the bounds which were allotted her.

Taking the keys which Michielo had

left with her, she proceeded to examine them. The first into which she had been introduced, and which she had hitherto used as her sitting-room, was hung with continued tapestry, drawn aside with crimson cords, on that side on which the light was admitted through large casemented windows, which commanded a view of the island at the back of the edifice. Here the beauties of nature appeared to be spread with an abundant but partial hand. The north-east side of the tract appeared fertile in the extreme ; here the earth was supplied with water which flowed almost continually from the tops of the bold shore which terminated the view.

on that side. The more southern parts, however, wanting their stimulus to vegetation, were nearly barren. Nature had given it little, and art less. It formed, indeed, a striking contrast with the green foliage and amply spreading branches which adorned the opposite side. The eyes of Angela ached as they rested on the barren path and jutting points of rocks as they projected their brown heads from among the green heath which alone grew on their summits. Not an object, however, presented itself which could in the least lead her to suppose any other human being than the Marauders and herself inhabited it. The furniture which de-

corated the apartment may be easily enumerated. Their old fashioned chairs graced its sides. A large table was immoveably fixed to the floor in the center of it, against which was placed an enormous chain, and which appeared likewise to be a fixture. Having ascended to her bed-room, she found that in size and decorations, it nearly resembled the one below, with the exception of a large old fashioned bed, the former magnificent hangings of which were decayed by time and disuse, hung partly on the floor. Little elated at the discoveries which she had made she proceeded to the one as yet unopened by her. Continuing her walk

she ascended the upper flight of stairs, and entered the room. It was the smallest of the whole; and the air of comfort which it possessed, amply repaid her for the trouble she had taken in attaining her object; she determined to pass the major part of her captivity in it. It was furnished with chairs and a small table, the manufacture of which did not appear of so ancient a date as the furniture which decorated the other apartments, added to which, it commanded from the windows, which opened on all sides, views of every thing which passed without the castle, and upon the battlements of it. It appeared to have been recently inhabited. The

walks bore traces of lines, which, in many places, were still legible, and which appeared to have been written by a female; but a large trunk which stood in one corner of the apartment attracted the notice of Angela. She eagerly ran to it, and lifting the lid which she found unfastened, proceeded to examine its contents. A variety of papers, however, and two or three books which were the only objects that met her eye; the former she determined on immediately securing; this night may throw some light on the former unfortunate recluse, with whose destiny, which must, she thought, have some resemblance to her own, she was

particularly anxious to become immediately acquainted. The further researches were, however, stopped for the present, as she heard voices in her lower apartment.

Immediately, therefore, depositing her acquisitions in her bosom, and putting those which she could not conveniently conceal, back in her chest, she eagerly descended. Michielo and Pietro, however, were retreating at one door, as she reached the other. They had executed their object, however, which was to take away the remains of her breakfast and the lamp, in order to replenish it in the evening. Thus neither of them

noticed her return, but locking her door after them, silently retired.

She heard their footsteps die away as they traversed the long galleries where the stairs that led to the apartment terminated, ere she again ventured from the room; this, however, she quickly did. As soon as silence bespoke them far distant, she again eagerly sought the apartment which formerly contained one as unfortunate as herself.

She once opened the trunk, and binding up all the books and papers which she had left there (with some red tape which appeared to have been used for the same purpose before), deposited them on the table, and unlocking the

door which led from the apartment, ascended a few steps, and passed out upon the turret. The prospect was delightful in the extreme. Immediately beneath her, and almost as far as the eye could reach, the ground was covered with trees, well here and there intersected by small plats of grass which afforded sustenance for the horses belonging to the troop, while the tall waving pines and pliant ash gave shelter to them from the storm ; beyond this appeared the far-extended ocean, lashing with its retiring waves, the low sandy shore, which gave bounds to a retreat she now began to think she should never be allowed to quit. The distance,

however, between the island and the bold rocky shores of the opposite coast, on that side, did not appear so great, as she imagined she could distinguish the dark prominences which skirted it. She continues her walk round the turret. It appeared the most eastern of the whole, and its high mouldering battlements bespoke the strength which it once possessed. On the side towards the body of the pile appeared a small iron door, nearly open, which, by descending a few steps, led to the long range of defence with which the front of the pile was armed. : Going to the extremest verge of the flat on which she stood, he saw that part of the coast on which

she had been landed : its frightful depth overcame her, and she tottered from it, scarcely able to stand. Her strength, however, returned as the cause of its failure disappeared. She determined on immediately returning to her chamber. The weakness which he felt, however, rendered this difficult, but taking the precaution to secure the manuscripts, and lock the doors as she passed them, she, at length, once more reached her apartment.

Carefully depositing her new acquisitions in a small drawer in the table, she proceeded to examine them, when the sound of approaching footsteps alarmed her, and she hastily secreted

her newly acquired treasures. The lightness, however, of the intruder's tread, bespoke a new visitant. The conjecture was well founded, for the door opened, and a female entered. The good-natured appearance of the woman by no means corresponded with the mission with which she was charged. A constrained smile passed over her features as, entering the room, she said :—

“ I am, Signora, henceforward to be your attendant ; that is to say, your gaoler. I shall be used to my trade soon,” she continued with a sigh, “ if experience in the art can make me per-

fect, that my employers provide me with, at least."

"Can you," said Angela, disregarding the introductory speech of her new servant, "inform me the name of the lady, who, I understand, was confined in the upper chamber of this turret, before I came here?"

"No, Signora," replied the woman, "I cannot; I was not her attendant. She was not allowed to stir from that chamber, which was the only one allotted to her, and I did not see her once during her residence here."

"They were very strict then in her confinement," said Angela.

"Very so, indeed, signora," replied the woman; "during her stay here,

which lasted twelve months, she never once left the apartment, but she employed herself nearly the whole of the time in writing. I have often since seen a packet of papers which she left behind in the chest in the room above, that would at least take that time to write."

Angela was convinced of this. She continued—"The last time I was there, I received this manuscript which details what I have often heard Colio, who is one of the oldest men in the troop, relate. How the unfortunate Signora became acquainted with it, I cannot divine, unless, indeed, she heard the old man tell the story." Saying

this, she put into the hands of Angela a manuscript, who eagerly received it from her.

“That, Signora,” she continued, “is the paper. In the weary moments of your confinement, you may, perhaps, find relief were you to go to that chamber. It might, perhaps, beguile you of a tear to con over the rhimes which were chalked by one who considered them, at the time, as epitaphs on her tomb.”

Angela was affected. “I will go there,” said she.

“You will be gratified, Signora,” continued her informant;—“but I must away; if the captain guessed the motive

which has detained me, he might, perhaps execute some of his tyrannical threats against me."

As her attendant hastened from the apartment; Angela unfolded her friendly communication, and read as follows:—

A
T A L E
OF THE
CASTLE.

The billows lash'd the lonely beach,
On which the castle stood,
The loud wind whistling o'er the heath,
Uprais'd the angry flood.

The watchword pass'd the turret round,
The clock the curfew toll'd,
The sentry turned his watchful way,
The thunder loudly howl'd.

Adelbert from the banquet stole,
New horrors seiz'd his breast ;
The beating tempest of his soul
Knew neither peace nor rest.

He hears the boding screech-owl's notes,
It wings its sullen flight ;
The lightning's forked rays disclose
The sombre shades of night.

Adelbert still the storm defy'd,
The tempest howl'd in vain,
He to the turret's mould'ring height,
Sad, cheerless, roam'd again.

Blue lightnings flash'd, a quiv'ring flame,
 Athwart the gloom appear'd ;
 Its eyeballs flash'd, the grisly spright
 A bloody dagger rear'd.

The form approach'd—before him stood,
 “ Remember this,” it cried,
 “ Remember you this glittering steel,
 In my sad bosom dyed.

“ Remember still the cavern drear,
 That yawns beside the flood,—
 'Tis there my mouldering corse remains,
 The earth's yet stain'd with blood.

“ But meteor-like, this steel will lead,
 Thy wandering feet astray,
 And will despair thy steps impel,
 Far, farther still away.”

The thunder roll'd, the shadow fled,
Adelbert still was there,
Still, still he heard the phantom's words
Resounding on his ear.

Enfrenzied, he the turret quits,
He rushes to the shore,
Despair impels the fatal deed,
Adelbert is no more.

The roaring surge his form receiv'd,
It bore him far away,
And o'er the ruff'd surge's face
Pale fleeting shadows play.

And still when hollow tempests speak,
And rolling surges swell,
The dagger pale, with blood-red streaks,
Flies quivering o'er the dell.

The reflections, which the perusal of these lines excited, were of a nature consoling. That retributive justice overtakes the assassin, tho' concealed in the bowels of the earth, the story tended to demonstrate. In vain the fugitive hides the evidence of his crimes in caverns, defended by tygers. Impotent precaution, to attempt concealment from the eye of Heaven. Innocence will ever insure its protections, and the crimes of the guilty its vengeance. Angela felt the assurance of this, and the idea conveyed peace to her wounded heart. The exercises of the morning added to the fatigue both of body and mind which she had endured,

now completely overpowered her, and she threw herself on her bed to recruit her exhausted strength.

The sun had set ere she awoke, and twilight began to show the sable mantle of darkness in the face of nature. The gloom of her chamber was increased by the faint glimmer which still remained, and which but served to render its sombre shades visible.

She rose, however, and descended to her sitting apartment. She had nearly taken her seat ere footsteps announced some persons in the gallery; and another instant had scarcely elapsed ere Michielo entered, followed by one old female domestic, the direct reverse of her former attendant.

“ Biancha,” said he, “ this is the task which must be executed every day, but you may delegate the task to Anna. I have likewise explained to her the nature of her attendance here.”

“ Very well,” replied the hag, “ she is better able to pace that long gallery and these narrow stairs than I am.”

“ Retire, then,” said Michielo.

She prepared, muttering, to obey.

“ You would not have bade me retire a month since. Ere you was raised to the office you now hold, you were submissive enough.”

“ Retire, Beldam,” said Michielo, enraged and putting his hand to his girdle. At the sight of the motion, ra-

ther than the import of the words, she prepared to depart. The half-uttered exclamation of "upstart," and "insolent," escaped her as she retreated, but she fancied the steps of Michielo were fast approaching behind her, and she quickened her pace.

"Signora," said he to Angela, when the old woman had quitted the room, "The attendance of that disgusting creature must be painful to you. I shall, however, contrary to the command of our Captain, cause that of a more civilized being."

Angela endeavoured to express her thanks.

"You must have some recollection

of the person who attended you this morning," he continued.

Angela in vain endeavoured to recollect any circumstance which might lead to a remembrance of her features.

"I cannot immediately bring to mind a knowledge of the person you allude to,"—replied Angela.

"Treachery and revenge tore her from the nearly deserted abode of the Count de Valmont, in the forest of—"

"Ah! heavens,"—interrupted she, "and is Anna still alive?"

"Thanks to her resignation, she is so still."

"Do you leave the Castle, on any errand, soon?" said Angela.

“ Almost immediately, I believe,” returned Michielo, endeavouring to smile at the name she had given his mission, “ but when I do, I think it will be for ever.”

Angela started, and looked incredulous. The ideas which his words created in her mind, were not entirely consonant with his wishes.

“ I will not,” she reflected, “ be the dupe of his, perhaps, pretended reformation ; but if he should purpose the completion of my escape with his own—if he would restore me to Valerio, and to my friends—how infinitely indebted should I then be? what obligation should I not owe to him?—My

eternal gratitude would not repay the vast debt which would be due. But I must not hope. Between me and happiness remains a gulph, into which madness and despair would tempt me to plunge—but hope restrains.”

She determined, at length, to be guarded in her assent to his proposition, and though she secretly rejoiced at the prospect of escape which was offered, she determined not rashly to deliver herself up to the guidance of a man, whose reformation, if reformed at all, had been but of an hour's continuance.

“Let us leave this place, which to me is grown infernal,” said Michiolo,

at length, breaking the silence, which either had observed some time.

Angela made no answer.

“And am I such a wretch,” he continued, after a pause, “that even one who is confined, who is for ever banished from the world, will not take my word when I say I will replace her in it.”

The emotion which marked his features at the utterance of this ejaculation, drew a tear into the eye of Angela. Despair strongly marked his features, as he paced with quick and unequal steps the apartment. His apparent agony, at length, induced her to break her silence.

“ Signor,” said she, “ forgive me if I did not, I immediately see the hope of accomplishing an object on which my happiness and, perhaps, life depends.”

Michielo stopt; the hard features of his face relaxed, when he heard the words which Angela had prevailed upon herself to pronounce. They fell like manna upon the lips of the wanderer when faint with want or fatigue, he in vain attempts to discover some genial spring to allay the ardour of his thirst. “ I will,” said he, “ endeavour to merit again a place in that world, to which I will restore you, one of its brightest ornaments.”

Angela still looked incredulous, but

her thoughts were far from prompting this expression in her features, though she concealed the happiness which the feelings of the moment tempted her to express. A doubt again obtruded, "If," thought she, "he should be raising hopes merely to crush them; if he should be raising ideas, and laugh at me for indulging them, and tauntingly remind me of the promises which an assassin had made the object of lawless pursuit, what redoubled pangs would be mine."

"Signora," said Michielo, at length, breaking the silence which before neither had seemed inclined to interrupt, "I would rather pass another month in:

the dreariest cavern which this castle contains, than in its best apartment. They both are equally loathsome to me, I am about to leave the castle on an expedition. Should I return, which I shall do if I survive the conflict, in a week, I will have every thing prepared, and then I will leave for ever this abode. Eighteen years have I already passed within its now detested precincts. To me the owl never croaked so dismally as at this moment. Nor the winds as they whistle through the port-holes sound more hollow. But I must away, if a word was to transpire I should not exist another hour; nor yourself longer than nature allows human beings to sur-

vive after the deprivation of food. The author of your mysterious destiny, the cause of your being brought here I will disclose, but that is impossible till fate places us out of the reach of villainy triumphant, for triumphant this is at present. Let not a hope of escape pass your lips, in any shape whatever, they keep so strict a watch that it is almost impossible for an incident to pass unnoticed, which can in any way tend to raise their jealous suspicions. But we must elude them; I must, however, for the present away; my return will be a signal for your release."

Angela thanked him, and he hastily retired, muttering as he went to some

one whom he met coming towards the apartment, " we know how to treat refractory prisoners, and keep them as close to as any of those in the chambers of the Inquisition."

" Aye," replied the other, in a still louder voice, " and treat them as merrily too, we can make them dance on a rope, or decrease the circumference of their bodies in a hog-trough as well as any of the practitioners in Spain."

" True," said Michielo, as he passed on.

Angela attributed the conversation she had just heard to its true cause—namely, as a blind to the robber whom he had met in the gallery.

A train of reflections, however, insensibly occurred to her, notwithstanding her efforts to dissipate them.—“What, she exclaimed, “if this man should work on my credulity to betray me, to risk every hope of ultimate escape, and join him in the plan which he proposes. If he is insincere or we fail, imprisonment worse than immediate death will instantly follow, and I doomed to perpetual separation from all—Venice and Valerio. Apprehension is ever awake, but to what avail would the tiger reflect when once in the toil. How can the pursued lay a plan for eluding the fangs of his persecutor when he finds himself in his iron

grasp. But hope does not hold out one inducement for me to hesitate—alone—helpless—the chance of relief scarcely probable—why should I not accept the offered emancipation, and attempt a flight; which if I should not embrace the present chance of, may never occur again. I will at least attempt my fate; and should my pretended deliverer become a betrayer, heaven forgive him. Irresolution may for ever blight the prospect of success, and then I may pass the remainder of my wretched existence far from the haunts of men, and farther still from those of happiness. Peace would never again visit this sad bosom. Ima-

gination would then trace the passing minutes as so many hours since I knew felicity, and the lengthened days as they revolved would but appear a more lengthened tale of woe.

She, at length, however, insensibly regained her composure, and again attempted to trace, if possible, the contents of the packets she had brought from the upper room; but in many instances found it in vain. The dampness of the chamber had mouldered most of them, and decay nearly completed their annihilation. She, however, with difficulty traced the import of a few, they appeared to be the ebullitions of a mind over which de-

spair had had but too much influence. Her confinement must have been for a long period, as the dates of the several papers varied at twelvemonth, and even the period of two years marked the existence of some, previous to that of others. The details were long and uninteresting—they served but to analyze the sensations of one whose only occupation was writing pathetic details of them. A tear, however, came to the eye of Angela as she hastily folded the papers together; she had attempted to read a few of them, but weary of the task she refolded the remainder, and once more deposited

them in the drawer of her table, and taking the lamp from it, ascended to her bed-chamber. By the light which its pale beams afforded, she began a more minute examination of the apartment; its high walls were nearly covered with tattered drapery, the original design of which it was impossible to distinguish for the dirt which long neglect had accumulated upon it; but upon opening the folds, it appeared intended to delineate a part of the Roman History; it had been in its original state particularly beautiful, as the remnants which remained unexposed were of the first design and workmanship. The windows were high and

narrow, but the light they admitted would scarcely illumine the chamber at noon-day. The cobwebs had, unmolested, retained their empire for so many years, that their fine-drawn fibres of their abodes from just darkening, now nearly obscured the rays of the sun. The bed, however, appeared to have been improved, and the comfortable appearance which it possessed, in some measure, atoned for the utter want of care and attention to the other parts of the chamber. She rested the lamp on the chair, and uttering an ejaculation to the direction of events, threw herself on the bed. It was late, how-

ever, ere her eyes closed, but fatigue rendered repose the more desirable, and she at length sunk into a profound slumber.

CHAPTER X.

THE ministering angels of repose who attend on the senses of mortals, were at length relieved by the sun, and they quickly retired up his slanting beams, abandoning the victims of distress to their miseries, and the happy to their delights. After, as was her custom, returning thanks to the author of all for the benefit of his preserving hand, Angela descended to the lower apartment,

and was agreeably surprised a short time after, by the entrance of Anna, with a salver, on which she bore necessities for breakfast. She determined on immediately making herself known to the faithful creature. The kindness of one so much attached to her family as Anna had been, might, perhaps, considerably alleviate her confinement.

“Pray,” said Angela, as the woman deposited the salver on the table, “had you, when in the world, any knowledge from your situation in life of the de Valmont and de Montgolfi families?”

“Signora,” returned Anna, “in the Chateau of the Count de Valmont I was born, I passed my infantine and

my childish days there, my youthful and my aged ones I have passed in this wretched place. You were correct in saying, when in the world, 'tis seventeen years since I left it."

"Do you not recollect then," asked Angela, "the infant daughter of the Marquis de Montgolfi, who was likewise born there?"

"I do," replied she, "and likewise the little Valerio who left the Chateau with the Marquis. It is to this improvidence I attribute my present confinement. They left the Chateau to myself and the woman only, whom, perhaps, you saw at the place from whence you were brought."

“ I am obliged to that lady,” replied Angela, “ for many kindnesses.”

“ She is,” continued the attendant, “ a person whose good nature sometimes almost exceeds her prudence. Did she appear worn by the fatigues and troubles of the mind, which would almost prematurely bring old age upon the body?”

“ No,” replied Angela, “ hope buoys her up.”

I should have thought that that too would have left her after so long a retirement from the world. But, Signora, your breakfast waits, and should my absence be noticed, Biancha will be ordered to attend upon you, and the

change, I think, would not be very agreeable. Angela thanked her for her kind consideration. She had herself seen enough of the old creature to dread her prying eye. But for the dread which she entertained that the pre-knowledge of Anna should be discovered by the troop, and that their being aware of the circumstance, would lead to a total deprivation of the services of her agreeable attendant, she would have detained her. But this she knew impossible.

“ You had better leave me then,” said Angela.

“ I must, Signora,” returned the

woman, " but I will return about the time you have concluded your meal."

" Do so, I have some questions to propose to you, in which the Valmont family is interested ; I should be happy to receive an explanation of them from yourself."

The woman put her fingers on her lips in token of silence, and retired. Angela heard a falling footstep in the gallery, and concluded that it was the occasion of the sudden and silent retreat of her attendant. She consoled herself with the reflection that her absence would be but of short duration, and prepared to taste the repast which had been set before her.

The train of disagreeable reflections which, in spite of herself obtruded themselves on her recollection, rendered her mind a chaos of contending emotion. An orphan, deserted, as it were, by those on whom she had any claim, and left to the mischances of her fate, without one fostering hand to stay the tide of misfortune which had pressed upon her. Her uncle, Valerio, all had abandoned her to the persecution of any enemy with whom she was unacquainted, and with whom it was impossible to contend. The only resource now appeared, the promised help of a repentant robber, one who had disgraced his family and himself

by 18 years spent in preying on the defenceless and unwary, and in waging war against the peaceable part of mankind. To such an one she must trust herself, or to no one. If his professions were sincere, liberty would at least be hers. But, if he was the instrument of others, and but played on her credulity to betray her—what persecutions would she not suffer ; but she would not allow the ill of his perfidy to arise—the real agonies which he appeared to experience when he first mentioned his family to her, and subsequent tears which he shed when the reflection of his own wretched situation occurred—the despair which marked his countenance when she hesi-

tated agreeing to his proposal, struck her forcibly, and she regarded them all as so many proofs of his sincerity.— But to be so abandoned as to be obliged to accept the proffered aid of one who had felt no remorse in avowing himself the murderer to his fellow-robbers, for the gratification of his vanity, and broaching principle of innate villany to freebooters, as though he would appear in their eyes a wretch worse than themselves, for the bare purchase of securing a smile of approbation from those, whom if his present protestations were sincere, he dispersed from his soul. But uncle, lover, all, all had deserted her, and now there appeared no no al-

ternative, no hope, but to fly. Even death would be preferable to lingering out a state of hopeless existence immured in a place, the residence of assassins and banditti.

She was roused from these painful reflections by the re-entrance of Mariame, and gently raising her head from her hand, on which she had hitherto leaned it, smiled at the absence of mind to external objects, in which her ideas had involved her. She prepared, however, to obey the calls of nature, and having slightly satisfied them, inquired if her late long absence from the hall, was noticed when she returned thither.

The woman, replied in the negative, to this question.

“But Signora, Pietro gave me a hint this morning, that you resided in Venice wholly; can you not give me some information as to the present state of the de Valmont and Montgolfi families?”

“Angela replied, she would endeavour to do so.”

“But do you not,” she continued, “recollect any of the particular features which marked the little Angela, when she was at the Chateau, from which you say they forced you?”

“Why, yes,—no,—I—I think I can

trace her likeness, did I see it any where."

"Can you not, then, recognize in me that hapless being?"

Anna looked steadfastly in her face;—"I do," she cried; and taking the hand of Angela; she let a tear fall upon it:—"And have I the misfortune of again beholding one of that hospitable and generous family. But, good Heavens! under what circumstances—what evil destiny has influenced your fate that we meet both here?"

Angela was unable to reply. The affectionate remembrance which the domestic of her father appeared to have for her, struck her forcibly, and she

could not refrain from contrasting it with the cold and unfeeling conduct of those, on whom, by every tie of nature and affection, she had a claim.

“But,” continued Anna, with respectful solicitude,—“who could be so base, whose heart so hard, that they could, unmoved, behold you pining away your hours of solitude and days of misery, in the confinement of this desolate abode?”

“Your strict imprisonment is, I understand, of the utmost consequence to the troop; at least Michielo so hinted to me.”

“Of consequence to the Banditti?”—repeated Angela.

"Yes;" returned her companion—
"Michielo said so at least; and he is
in the secret proceedings of the band,
as much as any man in the troop."

"What opinion do the robbers entertain of this Michielo?" said Angela, guardedly.

"Not a very good one, signora. His strict discipline, since he has been a Commander, renders him an object of hatred to the whole troop; and even instances of humanity are laid to his charge, which render him likewise the object of their contempt and abhorrence."

"Angela was rejoiced at this information."

“ They say, Signora, that Michielo is really a nobleman, and that he is as great a man as my old master the Count de Valmont, if their information is correct—but it cannot be. He has been eighteen years a robber. Not one believes it; nor I ——”

A loud and repeated rap at the door announced some one solicitous to enter. Anna, snatching up the salver on which the remains of breakfast had been replaced, went towards the door, and unlocking it inside, Biancha entered, accompanied by the Mask; he was completely muffled up, as before. Angela waited, in trembling expectance, the

cause of the visit. The stranger looked at Biancha.

“Anna, you must retire.”

She knew it was in vain to appeal, as it appeared to be the will of the stranger, and she quickly prepared to obey, giving Angela a look of commiseration. Giving the key to Biancha, she retired.

“Signora,”—said the now obsequious Biancha,—“will you shew the Signor the utmost extent of your yesterday’s perigrinations?”

Angela grew sick. She feared the bounds of rambles on the top of the building were to be set, and the idea struck terror to her heart; she, how-

ever, prepared to obey ; passing up the first flight of stairs, they arrived in her chamber, through which they passed, and ascended to the upper one. The stranger appeared to eye every object which presented itself with particular attention, and Biancha next desired Angela to lead out upon the Castle ; and immediately ascending the few paces, stepped upon the turret. The stranger appeared to turn with satisfaction from the contemplation of the immense height which they now were from the ground. As they walked round the battlements, he noticed the door which Angela had hoped would escape him, and Biancha, immediately

selecting one from among a large bundle of keys, locked it. The spirits of Angela nearly failed her, as she heard the key enter the rusty lock of the door; but fearful lest her weakness should create suspicion, she endeavoured to recruit her nearly exhausted strength. She had wished that door might escape the notice of her persecutor, for she could not help thinking this man a party in her confinement, as it commanded a view of the spot on which the crew of the vessel landed, when it arrived from the Continent; it was now, however, she supposed impossible. The port-holes of the turret, however, commanded a view of the sea, except a

small part which its angle concealed, and that was precisely the spot on which they landed. She determined, however, the first opportunity to explore the whole of the battlements, and if possible, discover another spot from which she might watch the return of the ship, which was to bring Michielo with it.

They now returned into the upper apartment. In vain Angela attempted to discover a resemblance between the figure of the stranger and that of any of her known friends. He appeared to shun the slightest observation, and elude her penetrating looks by every possible precaution. A mask of extraordinary

description covered his face, and a large coat completely enveloped his form. After examining every corner of her apartment, they retired, leaving Angela impressed with anxiety and doubt as to the cause or probable consequences of this visit. The mysterious silence of the stranger, bespoke him afraid of recognition ; and that this silence also bespoke him her persecutor, was likewise a probable conjecture, which the solicitude he displayed in order that her confinement might be secure, tended to confirm. Anxiously did she await the return of Michielo, His arrival would, at least, end her suspense ; and then her destiny of perpe-

tual confinement, or a probable release, would be confirmed. She had begun to divest herself of a doubt as to his sincerity, and the moment which would put it to the test, she most anxiously wished for; but five long days would elapse ere his return; and in this time what incidents might not occur. The anxiety of the stranger, in order that her confinement might be secure, would, perhaps, prevail over his humanity, and other, and more comfortable apartments, might be provided for her. Nay, a dungeon, perhaps, far from the prying eye of any individual, might be allotted her; and then, what agonies might she not suffer? Then all hopes of a re-

union with Valerio would be banished, and a blank and wretched share fill the remainder of a life thus curtailed by persecution and misfortune. But hope again beamed on her soul. She was aware that she was anticipating events, which, though too probable, might never occur. But the return of Michiello would give a colour to her immediate destiny, at least, and most anxiously did she await it. To amuse the vacuum which now took place in her mind, she again had recourse to her manuscripts. One of the first which presented themselves, was the following:—

“I had wandered from the spot

which was allotted me by my gaolers, and had almost, unconscientiously, strayed into the very bosom of a thick, though not a very extensive, wood. On discovering my situation, I mechanically started."

"Do not be alarmed," cried a voice near me—"I have now no reason to be so; and surely you cannot have any."

"I felt rather disturbed. It was evident, the utterer was mad, and I was, not able to contemplate the wreck of human nature with indifference. This sensation was converted into concern at the scene which followed.

The maniac sang sweetly the following lines:—

“ Why does the sun aspire
From the waves dawning?
Why glows the liquid fire,
Bright o’er the morning?

“ For can thy beams, ah! sun,
Shame from him sever?
He whom this deed hath done,
Followed by terror,
Sorrow knows ever.”

“ I by this time caught sight of the warbler; she was dress’d in a garb, which once might have been elegant, but the clothes, as well as the wearer of them appeared the worse for the lapse of time, though sorrow, and that, the eyes of the maniac told me, had been

of the most acute kind, had made greater inroads than length of years. But every action bespoke a settled insanity. I approached the spot where she stood. My appearance did not seem to have the least effect:—she continued:—

“Why droops the with’ring tree?

Why fades the flow’r?

See! they at sight of me.

Feel the storm low’r.

“Hide, then, your blossom’d heads,

Ne’er shall you brave it;

Though by the thunder led;

Though louder rave it:

Ne’er shall you brave it.”

“The storm,” said I, “which you have conjured up, seems, in reality, about to burst over our heads.”

“It will not burst yet,” said the person I addressed—“Albino will die first, and so will they all.”

She continued walking as she spoke, and led me towards a lake, beside which was a cavern.

“I often,” said the maniac, addressing me,—“compare my bosom to the surface of this water, and I only regret that they are not alike calm.”

I followed her into the cavern, and found that it was her abode. Every thing that the room contained appeared necessary except, indeed, that in one corner

lay a complete suit of armour. Upon this she saw my attention was fixed. Going towards the spot, and putting her hand on the helmet, she said,—
“Here lies the storm which will one day burst. It is to a fatal security into which this armour will lull them, that they will one day owe their ruin.”

I turned to quit the cavern—“Stop,” said she—“you will never reap the benefit of this conclusion to their villainy.”

I again attempted to retire, and meeting with no opposition from my new acquaintance, I returned to my prison.”

This story, which appeared to detail an event which had taken place within the recollection of the writer, she carefully deposited among some of the most interesting of the pieces which she had determined, if possible, to preserve, and convey away with her, if ever she should be released.

She continued examining the remainder, till the dark twilight threw its deep sombre shades around the distant objects, which could no longer be discerned. She was, at length, obliged to desist, and once more depositing them which she intended to return to the chest in her drawer, she sat herself down at the table and anxiously awaited the

return of her attendant with lights. At length they appeared, but not in the hands of ~~Margaretta~~. Biancha held them, and the door was unlocked by a robber, who retired immediately after he had performed his office, first, however, giving the key to the old woman.

“Pray, my good dame,” said Angela, scarcely sensible of the import of her words, “can you tell me why Anna has discontinued her attendance.”

“Pretty questions, truly,” returned the old woman, “and pray how do you suppose I can answer them. You will demand of me next, our reasons for your confinement, which I promise you I should not give you, I shall not

be so complaisant as I am confident that hussy has been. She shall not, however, have the office again, if I can prevent her; to betray the secrets reposed in her by her masters!—But, Michielo shall know it all—and then we shall see who is the mistress here, or who has lived here forty-five years, or she who pretends to so much and has only been seventeen. I have seen nine captains to the troop, Signora, not one of them lived long after the death of Albino. But this Anna shall feel the weight, and as to questions I never answer any, my fidelity has been tried by many, but I never betrayed those who reposed their secrets in my bosom,

neither would I for all the valuables which Venice contains, not I, I assure you."

Angela, long ere the conclusion of this harangue, determined never again to put her sincerity to the test, since her questions to which she never expected an answer, had provoked so long and tedious a reply.

Biancha, seeing Angela not at all inclined to renew the discussion, closed the debate by retiring to put her threats in force against Marianne, but Michiello was absent, she recollected, and therefore consigned the remembrance of them to one or two of the troop whom she first met on her way to the

hall, and then going away, saying she was so provoked, that she determined in future to take no notice, as she called it, in the welfare of the corps, who treated her communications with contempt and ridicule, and therefore after one night's sleep, her good will returned towards Anna, and she condescendingly informed her in the morning of her intended clemency ; hinting, at the same time, that she should expect more respectful conduct in future. The object of her mercy, however, regardless of the hints which her speech contained, left the old lady to her great mortification, ere the conclusion of it.

These circumstances Anna detailed to Angela the next morning, who rejoiced that the malice which she had first feared might injure her cause, had evaporated without harm.

"Pray," said Angela, on their meeting the next morning, "can you inform me as to the incident which this manuscript details?" shewing that which she had laid by the preceding evening.

Anna took the writing from her hand, "I can," she replied, "it alludes to a circumstance which occurred during the time of Albino, the captain, who saw nearly the whole troop renewed, and what they consider some

thing remarkable, died at length surrounded by the troop, on his bed in his own chamber, being the first and only time such an incident ever occurred. The earth received them, generally, reeking from the swords of the revengeful victim who have the unnatural cruelty to defend their property at the hazard of their lives, and likewise those of the troop, who, if possible, revenge themselves for such unprecedented barbarity."

Angela smiled.

"But the incident to which that manuscript refers," continued Anna, "occurred in the reign of this Albino, and the troop have preserved the remem-

brance ever since. They place some confidence in the predictions of the lady of the still waters, whose prophecies they have preserved in the recollections, and one of the first among the marvellous predictions was that one. Her story you have exactly in that paper which you possess. Her sybil-tale, which involves in it the fate of the troop, is known to every one whom chance or persecution bring here, and they are not few."

"But," said Angela, "have any of the troop superstition enough to imagine that those predictions will be verified. The armour, the cause of the ruin, why do they not have them re-

moved. . . But would to heaven the predictions were verified, for liberty would again be ours."

"Perhaps so," said Anna, "but they have such preparations made, that even were all the suits of armour which we have filled with any but supernatural beings, their efforts would be unavailing, I think."

"Probably they might," replied Angela, "but there are times, I should suppose, when they might be taken off their guard, but an introduction of troop into the castle would be impossible, according to my simple idea of things at least."

"Chance may effect what precau-

tion would take years in accomplishing," replied Anna, " and though seventeen years have elapsed since I was first immured within these walls, another may not pass, ere I am liberated. I am not without hope, though so many hours have united to drive me to despair."

" True," replied Angela, " but I shall not pass ten years in miserable confinement within these walls. Ere half the period is elapsed which you have passed here already, I shall be no more, and the end of villany will be accomplished."

A tear started in the eye of Angela as she uttered the last words, for the

first time since her confinement. She had during the short period which had elapsed of it, endeavoured to restrain her feelings even from herself, as much as possible, and she had hitherto succeeded so far as almost to persuade herself she was even contented; but this rebellious drop recalled painful ideas to her mind, and it was followed by many. Anna, who had been surprised at the fortitude with which she bore every thing was affected, but endeavoured to console her.

“Again, set me an example,” cried the faithful creature, “of fortitude, and I will endeavour to copy it. Do not thus let the turbulent feeling of grief

or regret have so much sway over your mind. However difficult it may be to restrain our feelings under a weight of anguish and misery, it is nevertheless our duty to do so; for though misfortune at times will predominate, its reign is never lasting, and the now animated cast of the picture receives brighter tints from being contrasted with the gloom which had before overshadowed it."

The words of Marianne sunk deep into the mind of Angela. She again recovered the resolution she had so long endeavoured to preserve, and smiling through the tears which yet

trembled in her eyes, thanked the attendant for her solicitude.

"The Count de Valmont," continued Anna, "left me and Margaretta in the Chateau. He told us we should see you and the young Valerio again within a twelvemonth, not imagining it would be seventeen years ere either of us met, and that under such circumstances that even eternal separation would be preferable to it."

This ill-timed revival of disagreeable recollections Angela could but smile at, but she was too well acquainted with the benevolence which belonged as it were to the heart of her attendant, to suppose she did it from any mo-

tive not consistent with that humanity which she hitherto displayed towards her.

“ I should not have entertained an idea,” continued her attendant—“ that the lady, whose appearance has for some time been talked of, should prove to be the daughter of one whose parents had ever been the kindest of my friends. But I have again exceeded the limited length of my stay, and the accrimony of old Biancha will be excited against me.”

“ You had better retire then,” returned Angela, still more than ever in dread of encountering the ill-natured remarks of the old beldam; and Anna,

taking away the breakfast remains, left the apartment.

Nothing could exceed the dull vacuum, which every retiring hour but renewed, till the descending sun reminded her that her solitude would be broken, by some one with a light. This, however, was but for a moment, and that, too, by Biancha; but the impossibility of getting a reply from the old woman, deterred Angela from any questions, and she retired, at length, to rest.

“If,”—said Angela, as she laid her aching head on her pillow,—“if my unknown persecutor would but discover himself, I might, perhaps, by my

concessions, move him to compassion ; and Michielo, too, the only hope which I have, should he, like the tears of a crocodile, lull my suspicions of perfidy to repose, while he means but to betray. But if the real purpose of his soul be to free me from confinement, how do my thoughts deceive him—and that it must be, I have every proof which sincerity could give me. Oh ! then, hasten back, and we will fly to peace and liberty. Oh ! Valerio, I shall soon join you, or be separated from you for ever. Hasten, then, the moment that must determine our fates. Let it be propitious, O ! Heaven ; or, in

this apartment, I view my abode for ever!"

Sleep now overcame her, and she sunk into a profound repose.

CHAPTER XI.

SOME days had elapsed since the departure of Michielo, more than the time he had allowed himself, and he had not returned. Anxiously, as the hours rolled on, did she, at the window, await the sound of the blast, which was the signal of his arrival. One evening, as the sun was fast verging to the ocean, she determined, if possible, to gain a view of the spot in which the ship lay,

from the top of the pile, notwithstanding the boundary which they had vainly, she hoped, fixed for the termination of her rambles. Slowly and cautiously she ascended to the top of the staircase which led to the turret. In vain were all her efforts to open the door; it was too strongly fastened to allow her feeble exertions to make any such impression on it. Continuing her walk round the fast-decaying battlements, she came to a corresponding one on the opposite side of the tower. This door was not in so good a state of repair, and her small strength was not applied in vain. The bolt would not recede, but her application loosed it, and at length the

stone, bolt, and all, yielded to the pressure. An exclamation of terror escaped her as she saw the ponderous fragment sink from its place, and roll, with a terrible noise to her feet; but this sensation yielded to a more gratifying one, as she saw the door fly open the moment the rusty restraint was of no more avail. Placing her foot upon the mass, she prepared to ascend the tottering steps, which were now fast mouldering to decay. She reached, at length, the apperture, and passing through it, found herself on a platform nearly equal in dimensions with that from which the caution of the unknown had excluded her on the opposite side.

It was intersected at each angle by a watch-tower, which precaution the robbers did not appear to regard, as they were entirely deserted, and appeared to have been so for many years. Continuing her path through many doors of the same description, not one of which was in a state to oppose her progress.

Having reached, at length, the last one, she was about to pass through it, when, to her surprise and astonishment, she heard voices on the other side. Looking cautiously through the small crevice, which the partly-opened door afforded, she beheld two strange robbers in close conversation, and the stranger standing in a thoughtful atti-

tude, near them. The first bandit, from the superiority of his appearance and deportment, appeared to be the Captain; the second, one of the oldest robbers. The stranger still wore his mask, and appeared to use the same precautions to conceal himself, which he had hitherto done in her presence.

“What would be the consequence; should Michielo not return?” said the old robber.

“Nothing:” replied the other—
 “but there is little doubt of it. We shall see its white sails round yond promontary in a very short time.”

Angela felt relieved at hearing these words from one, who, she had every

reason to believe, must be well, if not the only one, acquainted with the fact; but observing them approach the door, she looked round the ruin of the turret for a hiding-place. The stones, which time had strewed plentifully, near a small octagon tower, which had formerly served as a station for a centinel, she eagerly mounted the mouldering fragments, and was at length enabled to reach the top of the parapet, and gently sliding down the slope on the other side, concealed herself very secretly behind the tower. The old marauder, continued—

“ If Michielo is unsuccessful, we shall know it by the morning.”

“Successful or not,” replied the Captain, “we must be prepared for the return of the vessel.”

“Yes;” returned the other—“for the return of the vessel, perhaps—but for its precious burden, no matter if that were at the bottom of the sea, which lies before us. It appears wide enough to receive a dozen of them, and if he lay one in the number, so much the better for us all, I think.”

“Restrain your tongue, or you will form the second among a dozen in filling up the situation which you would so willingly assign to him.—Pray, what

ground have you for your vile suspicions ?”

“None whatever ;” replied the hoary villain.

“Then restrain your tongue, as well as your ideas, in future, I beg,”—returned the Captain,—“or you know the consequence.”

“He shall know I hate him, though, and with a hate that is not to be treated with contempt.”

The Captain lifted up his foot with vehemence.

The old man started, and casting a supplicating look at the other, fell on his knees. The rage of the Captain

subsided, and he ordered the other to rise.

“ Restrain, then, nor again repeat your invectives! Prefer complaint, if you are injured, and an appeal is granted you. Under what grievances, as you have before termed them, do you labour?”

“ None ;”—replied the robber, with a significant shake of his head; “ but you rave !”

Angela lost not a word of what passed; she was every moment afraid, her name, as a party, and the cause of his treachery, would be mentioned; but to her great relief, she soon discovered her mistake.

“What circumstances have given you that idea? not a rational one I am sure;” said the Captain carelessly.

“Aye, if any man is capable of entertaining a rational idea, this is one. I have received injuries that would make a coward rival Cæsar; and nothing but age restrains me. An arm, formerly raised against a lion, now cannot encounter a lamb:—would I knew those days again—but they will never return!”

“Luckily for Michielo, it appears, they will not;” replied the Captain, laughing;—“but, see! the ship which bears the subjects of your apathisms is in sight, and he will answer your

charges himself, in person, in a little time."

These words roused Angela from a reverie, into which she had fallen, and gently raising herself to the top of the parapet, she indeed saw the vessel in which she had been conveyed to the Castle. As it approached, its white sails appeared to wave in the breezes, as so many tokens of victory, and she rejoiced at this termination of her suspense at least, if not of her captivity.

"How delightfully its head cuts the retiring envious waves!" exclaimed she as it approached."

"The impotent revenge of our tyrants would shew itself, but it only,

reveals its weakness, and our security."

"Let the Dey be apprised of our residence, and dislodge us if he can. Even the flattering senators cannot convince him of the practicability of the plan, and he has sufficient knowledge of us to know that it is impossible. The productions of our second Witch of Endor will have as much effect as all the military in Venice."

"The robber laughed—"I wish, however," said the old man, "it may not be fancied security; for my part, I——"

"Hold your pusillanimous tongue—Your fancies would magnify our vessel

into an invading fleet, and our three troops, who are on the deck, into a regiment of veteran grenadiers, if no person was present to wake you from the delusion. We have no fair visitant as a part of this cargo," turning to the incognito.

The heart of Angela beat high in her bosom. She longed, yet dreaded to hear him speak; but his continued silence relieved her. A motion for their departure was the only kind of answer he returned.

"We have her though in our holy keeping, and were all our employers as liberal as your seignor, we might, ere this, have set up for honest men—a trade very common now-a-days!"

The old man laughed—"It requires a large sum to carry on the business, though—" he continued—"such a sign-board does not attract many customers—the goods commonly remain a long time on hand."

The vessel had by this time reached the anchoring-place, and they all left the platform to welcome its arrival. Angela, fearing lest they should discover, crept still farther behind the watch-tower which sheltered her.

"Shall we visit our fair inmate?" said the Captain, as they were passing to a door which led down a flight of stairs.

Angela had nearly shrieked with ter-

ror at this proposition, but anxiety for the reply suspended her faculties; till the stranger, motioning in the negative and leading the way down the stairs, quieted her apprehensions. They left the top of the turret, and she heard their retreating footsteps die away in the distance, ere she ventured to emerge from her hiding-place. At length, however, silence proclaimed security, and slowly regaining the top of the battlement, she descended by the same means which she had before employed in ascending. All was quiet save the washing of waves against the sandy base of the beach, now and then interrupted by a long and piercing

whistle from the man who acted as boatswain to the vessel. She now endeavoured to regain the spot which the robber had just quitted. She succeeded; and from the apertures in the battlements plainly saw Michielò giving directions to the men who appeared to have landed with him. They had two prisoners with them, as she could readily distinguish two men blindfolded on the deck, who were shortly after led from thence and placed in the boat, which landed them opposite the gate of the castle. The vessel was quickly unladed, and Angela did not observe the lapse of time. She was involved in painful reverie, which was only inter-

rupted by footsteps on the battlements. On looking round, she was surprised to find the vessel had disappeared, and severely blamed her own curiosity and imprudence in not returning to her chamber ere her absence from it might be discovered. She would have made an effort to regain her hiding place, but the idea which her attempting to conceal herself might create in the mind of the seeker, might be prejudicial to her; and, therefore, she determined to encounter them as though on her return. With this resolution she went forward and had just reached the last angle but one of the turret, when she met the person in search of her, 'twas Michio.

"You are imprudent," said he, "in thus leaving your apartment—if you were discovered, they would deprive you of the possibility of doing so; but the period draws nigh, when, if you confide yourself to my care, you will be restored to happiness, and I to peace at least."

"Let it be but short, then," said Angela, with emphasis.—"But tell me," leading Michielo to the spot, as she spoke—"to where does this flight of stairs lead?" alluding to those down which the Captain and the others had departed.

"Have you explored so far?" said Michielo, regarding her with surprise.

and emotion, for which she could not account.

"Well, the Captain did not observe you, otherwise my schemes had been of no avail. Down this staircase, which is luckily left open, we depart to-night."

Angela started.

"Not a moment must be lost. We will be many miles on the road to Venice ere to-morrow's sun gilds the top of yon high mountain."

"Heaven will second your endeavours," said Angela, "eternal gratitude must repay the enormous weight of obligation which I owe you."

"Do not flatter me with such unde-

served encomiums," said Michiello, leading towards the turret, in which the apartments belonging to Angela, were situated, "I am the obliged; but you must keep close in your chamber, or all retreat will be cut off. When a tap on the door alarms you, get prepared for immediate flight, otherwise all will be lost. The captain assembles the men, and they celebrate the birth of their leader to night at ten. This will facilitate our plan."

"How slow the moments fly," said Angela, pensively, "it will be then, ere to-morrow's dawn?"

"Or I shall be no more, and you an inhabitant of the cold regions of our dungeons."

“How much do I owe you, then, for this,” interrupted Angela, “more, I am afraid, than I can ever repay.”

“If we succeed, I shall be amply repaid, if not—but upon this chance I will not dwell—but indeed if it should be so, what reason will you have to curse me?”

“Never,” replied Angela, “ingratitude like that, would make me hate myself, but tell me, who are those persons whom I saw landed from the vessel, they appeared blindfold?”

“You saw landed,” repeated Michielo, “from whence did you see them land?”

Angela pointed out the place, and related the incidents connected with her adventure on the top of the building.

“How near,” exclaimed Michielo, “were you developing all our plans. Had they entertained the least suspicion of your vicinity to them, we had spent the remainder of our lives within these infernal walls without hope of a release. But this night witnesses our secession, and if the stars are propitious, how happy shall we both be ere to-morrow’s dawn.”

They had by this time reached the door, the bolt of which Angela had dislodged upon her first passing through it. They gently reclosed the door, and placing the stone and bolt in its former situation, left the turret. As they descended, they endeavoured to obliterate

every trace of their walk upon the turret, by closing every door after them till they at last reached the chamber in which Angela usually sat.

“ Now, Signora, I will detail to you my plan. To-night, at twelve, at the farther extremity of the island, two men will wait with a boat till we are enabled to escape. That door on the turret being open renders our secret flight certain, otherwise it would be very doubtful. That, however, is sufficient to ensure success, as we go by many windings and passages out upon the level spot beneath your window. We must make directly for the spot, as a moment's delay in the

executing would for ever annihilate our plan. To your discretion I will confide every thing. You had better retire to repose, for a few hours rest will better enable you to bear the fatigue which we must necessarily encounter."

Angela thanked him for his considerate advice, "But," said she, "name the signal by which I am to conclude you ready."

"Within an hour," replied Michielo, "of the time I shall affix for our departure, I will tap gently on your door; know by that, that I have all things arranged, and be prepared accordingly."

"I will," said Angela, "and to hea-

ven leave the accomplishment of my hopes. Could not Anna accompany us?" the thought suddenly occurring to her.

Michielo answered in the negative. "It would not be an act of policy," he replied, "the absence of the woman would lead sooner to a discovery than any other circumstance. But if you desire it we will run all risques."

"We will leave her to chance," reflecting as she spoke, that ere a month had passed after her arrival in Venice, both Anna and Margaretta would be safely lodged in the Hotel di Montgolfi. Consoled with the reflection that this would be the case, she was not

so anxious for the escape of her servant as she should otherwise have been.

“ Michielo expressed his satisfaction at her so readily declining the attendance of Anna. It would,” he continued, “ have gratified me to have seen the good woman with us, but, Signora, it would be attended with immediate pursuit on the part of the troop, and then neither of us could escape, but I will leave you; remember the signal which we have agreed upon, and we for ever leave this abode of lawless villany. A mistaken notion of revenge first prompted me to leave the world. Despair, who can resist its insidious workings. Had they been involved

in my fall, I could have drawn half mankind to destruction, I had experienced so much of its perfidy, and even now the recollection turns my brain. Avaunt thou rays of happiness, for ever flown. Peace, thou hast forever quitted this bosom, and why do I behold thee lingering on earth? Is it but to mock my misery that thou thus appears tranquil and content. Oh, father! but for that name what curses do I owe thee, but for that, long ere this, I had sworn eternal enmity against thee, and blaspheme the moment which constituted my connection with thee. But I must not loose the moments in vain, and ceaseless retrospection. I

will away, and do a deed that would almost reconcile me to myself; and the world, in gratitude for the treasure I restore to it, should receive me once more as one of its members!"

Angela trembled, and could scarcely support herself.

"Be not alarmed," continued he, in milder accents, "I will place you with your friends, and then, in solitude, seek that tranquillity I lost in the bustle of society. It will be a difficult task, but it must be so. The sun descends. This night gives us liberty, or—or to me death—to you a confinement eternal."

Angela, shuddered.

"You tremble," he continued, "well may you be alarmed, I go—prepare," so saying, he left the apartment in haste.

"Oh, heaven," exclaimed Angela, "what an inmate is remorse in the bosom of one whose nearly dormant sense of reason and justice is liable to be awakened. She now prepared what she intended to take with her, and packing up a very small bundle of linen, ascended to her apartment, and placing it in a situation in which it was most likely she would be able to regain it upon an emergency, she threw herself on her bed. Repose, however, did not so soon visit her eyelids. She could

not banish recollections which, in spite of the tranquillity she persuaded herself she experienced, would intrude upon her unoccupied time. "Oh! Valerio," she exclaimed, mentally, "I shall soon join you, or be for ever separated from you, but why have you not sought me? Why have you not ere this discovered me? But who can pursue me; buried in this living sepulchre. Would to heaven ere the hand which bore me from Venice had succeeded in its dire intent, I had been placed in the cold tomb. Oh, father! where art thou? Canst thou not, with pitying eye, behold the persecutions of thy hapless daughter; but, oh! what

pangs must the sight have given thee, and thou, unable to relieve them, hast witnessed them all. Divine providence dictated them, and I am to pass the ordeal without one friendly hand to support or succour me. Friendless, destitute of a single being in whose bosom the wrongs of the hapless Angela would raise a sigh, or whose breast glows with a congenial sentiment. But I lose this time in useless lamentation, which might be devoted to more useful purposes. I must summon fortitude to bear with the trials which I may probably experience; but, oh, heaven! apportion my trials to my strength, and do not let the over-

whelming tide of sorrows bear down my already wearied frame."

She at length sank into a slight repose, which was interrupted by visions of the most unfavourable description. She at one time imagined she saw Michiello rush into the apartment all covered with blood, a dagger in his hand still reeking with gore. He bade her arise and follow him instantly—she obeyed, and imagination still farther pursuing the delusion, carried her without the foot, and she found Valerio waiting to receive her. She would have rushed into his arms, but, oh! at the moment when she was about to precipitate herself towards him, the figure

vanished and she sank upon the earth. A storm of the most terrifying description howled round her head. In vain she endeavoured, when the forked lightning glared, to discover Michielo near her, and helikewise was away—redoubled apprehension and horror, at length, awoke her to a worse reality.

By the glimmer of a lamp which stood near her bed-side, and waved its nearly extinguished rays around, rendering the darkness more horribly appalling, she distinguished the stranger holding over her a dagger, and apparently about to plunge it in her bosom. She screamed—he appeared to turn from her involuntary.

She sank upon the bed almost devoid of animation. The stranger, as though himself terrified at the effect which his appearance had produced, enveloped the dagger in his cloak, and slowly retired, adjusting the mask which he still wore, as he proceeded through a door, with the very existence of which Angela had hitherto been unacquainted. The tapestry with which the room was decorated had concealed it. As soon as the unknown had retired, she arose, though scarcely able to perform the task, and going to the spot through which she was certain the incognito had retired, she discovered only the pannels, two of which ap-

peared loose, and on striking them, the sound they sent forth convinced her that that must be the spot through which her enemy had retired. Horror-struck at the discovery, which seemed to threaten her longer existence, she drew from its old station, a large chair, with which the room was decorated, and placing it against the foot, put another of a smaller description between it and the bed. Convinced that no farther ingress could be had that way, she once more retired to sleep. Dreams of a more animating description, now occupied her imagination. At one moment Valerio was conveying her across the rolling waters of the Me-

diterranean towards the peaceful shore she had so reluctantly quitted, and imagined herself casting a look of joy and triumph towards the castle which could but barely be distinguished in the distance. From these deluding sensations she was, however, awakened by the promised tap on the door. She instantly arose and taking the lamp from its place, descended to her sitting-room. Here a few moments sufficed for the further disposal of her scanty wardrobe, the bulk of which had been detained at the old building in the forest, and packing up what remained in a handkerchief, she carefully deposited it with the linen which she had before

determined on taking, and placed herself at her table. Half an hour had scarcely elapsed when Michielo again entered, followed by Biancha.

“ Signora,” said the latter, as she entered, “ the Captain desires your attendance in the great hall, where the whole of the inhabitants of the castle are assembled.”

Angela started, and cast her eyes towards the features of Michielo. On these, however, no apprehensions of an alarming nature appeared; on the contrary, a smile of satisfaction only glanced from his eyes and mouth as he cast towards her, which he meant should remove all apprehension. Angela com-

pretended the meaning of his anxious countenance, and turning to Biancha, replied that she would immediately attend.

“Not immediately,” replied Biancha, “Michielo first sent me with the message, and has now determined on coming himself, I suppose; he can explain.”

“Retire,” said Michielo, to the old woman, “I will conduct the lady to the hall.”

Biancha immediately prepared to obey.

“The celebration of the birth-day of our friend the Captain is arrived,” continued he, as the old woman left the

apartment, " this will facilitate our plan. At the time which I have fixed on for our departure, they will half of them be incapable of following us. The will of our Captain and the mask is, that you should be with them—comply; when I motion to you, plead fatigue, and that moment determines our fate. We must not stand like dastard souls upon a broken wall, expecting liberty will come to us. We must pursue this phantom if we possess it not, and fly it if we do. But to the point. There are in the castle two musicians, whom I brought with me from Venice, they will entertain you during your continuance with the

party below. When you leave that, you leave the castle."

"Would that were instantly," interrupted Angela.

"'Twill be hourly, at least," said Michielo, "therefore do not despair. When we are safe in Venice, they will not be safe in this fabric. Not that I intend to betray them by no means, but let them beware. Have you ever," continued Michielo, after a pause, "read those papers which are in the trunk in the other apartment?"

Angela replied in the affirmative.

"The prediction then must have attracted your attention, I presume."

"It did," replied Angela, "the per-

son who wrote it must have been well acquainted with the circumstances attending it."

"She was," said Michielo. "They created a great sensation in the mind of the whole troop, at the time; but a lapse of forty years has, in some measure obliterated the impression. There are some, however, in the castle, even now, who believe the foreboding will be verified; but I must leave you.—Prepare yourself for an interview with the stranger in the hall; 'tis his will that you be of the party to-night."

Angela shuddered at the idea; but there was no appeal, no alternative but obedience.

"Remember," continued Michielo, "that two o'clock is the hour; the boat will be at the appointed spot, long ere that. On a signal which I shall make, you will plead fatigue. Your intention of leaving the room will not be opposed. I shall escort you hither, and to freedom—remember."

"Oh! I will," exclaimed Angela—while hope and fear, by turns, predominated. I will—but, good Heavens! be cautious. Do not let precipitation forever undo a plan, on the very success of which our lives depend."

"Fear nothing," replied Michielo, as he retired.

Angela felt her spirits sink as the

distance between her deliverer and herself increased.

“ Alas !” she cried, — “ why do my spirits thus fall ? one moment, raised on the pinnacle of expectation, they present but a picture which the most ardent imagination cannot hope to see realized. The next, as it were by magic, the glowing tints which before enlivened the scenery vanish, and I feel destitute, indeed, and known among wretches, the idea of whom make me shudder, and to escape them, I am forced to confide myself to the care of one whose character, at best, is but doubtful, and even, if sincere, but a reclaimed wretch, whose penitence

is but of a week's standing, but whose villany is of eighteen years. One—in whose bosom, but a month since, the very existence of a spark of humanity might have been doubted. But I weary him by my suspicions. He who has ventured every thing for me—who braves death and torture in my service—who has agreed to restore me to Valerio and to Venice—and then asks no reward that I can give. Heaven will repay his days of solitude and penitence with years of happiness and peace. A prodigal will return to the bosom of virtue; and Heaven, whose mercy is abundant, will receive the strayed to his fold, But I may ex-

pect my summons. To what can this interview lead? I must associate with robbers, murderers, and assassins. The common wretches, whose lives end on a scaffold, and whose careers terminate in ignominy and death."

A light step was heard in the gallery, and she heard a key turning in the lock, the door opened and Anna and Pietro entered.

"Come," said the latter, addressing Angela, "you must pay a visit to the old truncheon, bearing in the hall, at least so our Captain and the Seigneur says. You can soliloquize over them, though it will not be in solitude, I must confess. For the strength of our corps is assembled there."

Angela trembled.

"Come, don't be frightened: you will be safer in the middle of them than the Dey of Venice would be. Poor fellow, if he was there, how we would avenge the blood of our brave fellows who have fallen to please him. Angela begged he would give Anna leave to accompany her up stairs for a moment.

"Do not delay me two minutes then. When you and I were fellow-travellers, you know I never delayed a moment the carriage which whirled us so from that abode of parsons and friars. Therefore haste."

Angela ascended the stairs, and

throwing herself on a chair, burst into an uncontrollable flood of tears.—“ Oh! my father,” she exclaimed—“ why did the fiat of fate separate us? Why was I left the prey of the merciless and insensible wretches; into fays I have fallen?—Can you not, from your exalted sphere, behold your hapless daughter, the victim of wretches, worse than the wolves who prowl the forest for a bare subsistence. They devour only those, the sacrifice of ~~whom~~ is necessary to the preservation of their own lives. But man preys upon his fellow men, though reason and conscience (blessings bestowed not on the insensate beast) foiled the act, and bid him stay his hand.”

Anna, alarmed, and astonished at the paroxysm in which she saw her young lady involved, whispered—"Pietro may hear you, and you will be again exposed to his taunts and malevolent scoffs."

END OF VOLUME SECOND.







